

# The Messenger

Rev T Appel DD  
31 Dec 7

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 17.

PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1879.

WHOLE No. 2325.

## THE MESSENGER.

ISSUED WEEKLY

PUBLICATION BOARD

OF THE

Reformed Church in the United States.

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Editor-in-Chief.

OFFICE, 907 ARCH STREET.

### TERMS.

This paper is published in two issues at the following rates:

Double Sheet, two dollars and twenty cents per year strictly in advance.

Single Sheet, one dollar and ten cents per year strictly in advance.

The date appended to the subscriber's name, on the slip pasted on each paper, indicates the day, month and year to which he has paid. Renewals should be made, if possible, ere this date transpires.

All checks, drafts, or Post money orders must be made payable to the order of the "Reformed Church Publication Board."

Discontinuances at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

Advertisements strictly consistent with the character of a religious newspaper will be inserted at the ordinary rates.

### Poetry.

#### DAUGHTER OF ZION, AWAKE!

Translated from the German manuscript of Rev.  
H. Bibighaus, D. D., deceased.

Daughter of Zion, awake from your dreaming!  
Awake! for your foe shall torment you no more.  
There shines in the distance, the star of rejoicing;  
Arise! for much pleasure the night goes before.

Strong was the foe; still, the arm that him  
weakened

Was stronger than he, and dispersing his host,  
He flew like the chaff, when by wind it is driven,  
And hastened away; for the battle was lost.

Daughter of Zion, the might that delivers,  
Resounds in the world like the harpings of love;  
Exult with rejoicing, whilst praising and praying,  
For him, who ever reigns in his kingdom above.  
S. R. F.

### Communications.

For The Messenger.

#### NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL IN HOLY SCRIPTURE.

##### XIII.

3. THE HOLINESS OF THE WORD. To come at the full sense of what this means, we cannot do better than to fix our earnest attention first of all, on what is said in the 30th and 40th chapters of Exodus, concerning the holy anointing oil, with which by divine command, the erection of the Jewish tabernacle in the wilderness was to be made ultimately complete.

All the parts and arrangements of the tabernacle, and all the details of its ministry and service, are previously ordered, according to the pattern shown to Moses in the mount. Every part and portion of the whole carries in itself, at the same time, its own distinct sacred significance; all coming together in the one full sense of the whole. But this was not enough. The whole must be joined with its parts by the power of a common consecration; showing their unity to be not outward and mechanical simply, but inward and living; not earthly and human only, but heavenly and divine. That is what is meant by the baptism of the holy anointing oil.

"On the first day of the first month," it is said to Moses, "thou shalt set up the tabernacle of the tent of the congregation. And thou shalt put therein the ark of the testimony, and cover the ark with the vail. And thou shalt bring in the table; the candlestick; the altar of incense; setting all in order, before the ark of the testimony. And thou shalt set the altar of burnt offering before the door of the tabernacle; and the laver with its water, between the tabernacle and the altar. And round about all, thou shalt set up the court with its hangings."

All this; and then, to crown all: "Thou shalt take the anointing oil and ANOINT the tabernacle, and all that is therein, and shalt hallow it, and all the vessels thereof; and it shall be holy." So with the altar of burnt offering. So with the laver. But more than this. "Thou shalt then bring Aaron, and his sons unto the door of the tabernacle, and wash them with water. And thou shalt put upon Aaron the holy garments, and anoint him, and sanctify him, that he may minister

unto me in the priest's office. And thou shalt bring his sons, and clothe them with coats; and thou shalt anoint them, as thou didst anoint their father, that they may minister unto me in the priest's office, for their anointing shall surely be an everlasting priesthood throughout their generations."

"Thus did Moses," we are told; "according to all that the Lord commanded him, so did he." Such was the outward ceremonial inauguration of the Jewish sanctuary; the true spiritual sense of which comes out immediately afterward in the actual visible occupation of the sanctuary by the divine shekinah, descending upon it, and into it, from heaven. "So Moses FINISHED the work"—made all to be in order on the human natural side; and "then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle" (Ex. xl. 33, 34).

All this represents in outward picture what holiness means in the kingdom of God. If we look at it rightly, it is itself indeed God's Word (spoken first and then written) having in it the very essence of that which it thus describes. For both the ritual and the letter of its description, being inspired of God, are necessarily more than outward picture simply. They are such outward picture, including in itself objectively its own internal spiritual meaning and power. Not to believe this is not to believe that the mind of God is externally present in His voice; which is simply, talk as men may, to deny the divine inspiration of Scripture altogether.

We see immediately in the ritual representation here before us, that holiness, whatever it may signify, is to be considered an essential distinction of the kingdom of God in the most universal view. All that is capable of coming into the use and service of the kingdom otherwise, must be made meet for such purpose, ultimately, by the anointing oil. Without holiness, no man, we are told, can see the Lord. Without holiness, as there could be no heaven, so there can be no church, and no regenerated life in any man. And this takes in necessarily all planes and spheres of our human life; not the spiritual only properly so called, but the intellectual and moral also, and the whole natural order, out of which these higher modes of existence grow. In this way, true religion sanctifies in men body, soul, and spirit; whilst it throws around them, at the same time, an environment of sanctity, which takes in then even inanimate things, in the compass of its general presence. The spiritual in such case, lifts the material itself, as it were, into its own sphere. In which sense it is said: "Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving; for it is sanctified by the word of God and prayer" (1 Tim. iv. 4, 5).

And thus it is again that the ritual picture before us, serves to bring into view also the necessary singleness and oneness of the idea, expressed by the term holy. The universal holiness of the kingdom of God, is not a mere aggregation of numberless modes and forms of existence, which must be considered sacred; but it is the comprehension of all these in a character of common wholeness. In this respect, what we have seen to be the nature of truth is the nature also of holiness. As there are innumerable truths, which are nevertheless in their ground but one Truth; so are there also innumerable forms of the holy, which all nevertheless come together in the conception of the Holy as absolutely one.

And this then of itself involves here also, as in the case of truth, an organized system, by which such multiplicity, to be of any real force, must refer itself constantly at every point, in regular gradation and order, to the original principle by the presence and power of which only the whole is thus bound together in common unity.

And so here again, as in the other case, it follows with intuitive self-demonstration that only the divine (in distinction from all natural, human or angelic existence) can be such original principle. As "there is none good but one, that is, God" (Matt. xix.); so also there is none true but one; and in the same sense exactly there is none holy but one. He is thus, with infinite emphasis, the HOLY ONE. All other holiness is derived, at immeasurable distance, from

Him, as its absolute fountain, just as all life in finite form, flows from Him forever in the same way.

But for our Christian faith, the divine thus spoken of has reality only in one view. It is comprehended for us wholly in the mystery of the incarnation. Just for that reason, Christ is the Word of God, the outgoing expression of all God's presence in the world, the "fulness of the Godhead bodily." To look for God elsewhere, to think of God otherwise, is to fall out of the knowledge of Him altogether, and so at the same time to be out of the state which Christ Himself calls "eternal life" (John xvii. 3).

And now, as we found it necessary to study the biblical conception of universal truth, by taking position on the high summit offered to us for the purpose in the beginning of St. John's gospel, so it is plain that we must do the same thing also in trying to grasp the full sense of the idea of holiness with which we are here concerned. The order of all real knowledge of divine things, it can never be too often repeated, is not from below upward, but from above down. So to understand what holiness means, all its lower derivations, whether in heaven or on earth, we must be able to see what it means, first of all in Christ. And what it means there, we can see only in Christ as the Word made flesh; that is, in the mystery of this flesh-taking carried out by our Lord Himself, through boundless temptation, combat, and victory, to the full lifting up of His humanity to the glory which He had with the Father before the world was. Here only, in the glorified humanity of our Lord, are we brought to the fountain head of the universal Christian salvation; as He Himself plainly teaches where He says: "Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the prince of this world be cast out. And I, if I be lifted from the earth, will draw all men unto Me" (John xii. 31, 32).

This glorification of the Son of man, involving in it thus all for which He came into the world, and the entire possibility of our human redemption, opens before us as a personal conquest gained for Himself, first of all, through the mighty process by which He raised the human side of His life into co-essential unity with its divine side; and then, as the power of a new endless life through this, by which His people might be saved with analogous deliverance to the end of time. He learned obedience by the things which He suffered; and thus being made perfect, He became the author of eternal salvation up all them that obey Him" (Heb. v. 8, 9).

To some it may sound strange to speak at all of a holiness wrought out by Christ for Himself in this way. But such the Bible itself must be strange. Have they ever paused, even for a moment, that wonderful declaration, made by our Lord in the most solemn hour of His life: "For they sakes I SANCTIFY MYSELF, that they also might be sanctified through truth" (John xvii. 19). What does this self-sanctification mean? Just what glorification means, of which we hear much in these last hours of our Lord's earthly life. The transference of His humanity full with the essence of His divinity; whereby He was made perfect in righteousness and so finished the work for which He came to the world.

All this, that he might by one universal and everlasting principle decree of righteousness for His kingdom through all ages. Herein consisted immediately His inauguration to the headship of the kingdom. And to Him first of all applied accordingly, the full pictorial sense of the anointing oil, in the inspired Jewish text, as we see at once in His name, Christ, Messiah, which signifies the Anointed One, is the ground of His title King of lords. He is thus our Melekh or King of righteousness—at once highest and kindest—concerning whom such great things are spoken in the 2nd and 11th chapters; and of whom the prophet sings: "hold the days come, saith the Lord, shall raise up David a righteous branch; a king shall reign and prosper, and execute judgment and justice in the earth. In His days Judah shall be saved and shall dwell safely; and this is His name, whereby He shall be called, JEHOVAH OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS" (Jer. xxiii. 5, 6). Compare Ps. xlv. 7; Heb. i. 8, 9.

This supreme righteousness self-sanctification of our Lord, was through the truth; which, as He tells, it was the one great object of His life to bring into the world to bear witness to the way (John xviii. 37). And so then through the same truth that His people are to be sanctified. But only the truth, as itself first sanctified, in a self-sanctification thus going before for purpose.

The holiness of Christ going forth into the life of His people, other than the Holy Ghost; the grand promise of the Gospel of which He came to say to His disciples, just before leaving the world and going to the "His own

glorification, as we are clearly told, was the indispensable pre-requisite for the coming of the Spirit of God in this form (John vii. 39; xvi. 7). The agency of the Holy Ghost, was to be thence onward the agency of Christ Himself in the world. "He shall not speak of Himself," it is said; "He shall glorify ME; for He shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you." This is plain. Christ is still the all in all of His own salvation. But He works by the Holy Ghost.

And then the medium of the salvation remains as before. The order or law of all Christian holiness is still "through the truth." It is a great mistake, into which many fall, to think of the agency of the Holy Spirit in our regeneration, as something unbound, arbitrary and sporadic. It is never that. It moves, of course, in the life of the Incarnate Word. But in doing that, it moves also in the life of the Written Word. So much lies in His very title, the Spirit of Truth. For truth and word here are one. "Sanctify them by Thy truth," Christ prays; and immediately adds "Thy word is truth." That means the Word as they had it in Holy Scripture: which was now made perfect and complete through His own self-sanctification; and could thus serve in full as a medium for conveying holiness into the souls of His people.

This, briefly, is what we are to understand by the title Holy applied to the Word of God. It expresses the quality which attaches to its truth as proceeding directly from God Himself—its "unction from the Holy One" (1 John ii. 20). This is the true idea of divine inspiration. That quality is in all Holy Scripture. It is not something put into it by the thought of men. It is there objectively. It belongs to the constitution of the Written Word. It is a real divine aura in the Word itself, which only the most brutish can fail at least in some degree to perceive. J. W. N.

For the Messenger.

#### EASTERN TRAVEL.

##### THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

These islands belong properly to the kingdom of Greece, and are on the west coast of the Gulf of Corinth. There are seven large islands in the group usually named on the map, and some eight others dependent upon these, of much smaller size, not so frequently mentioned. The larger ones are named Corfu, Cephalonia, Zante, Santa Maura, Ithaca, Cerigo and Paxo. Of these Corfu is the largest, and in its chief city, bearing the same name, represents the central power of government. Corfu is distant about one hundred miles from the coast of Italy, across the Adriatic sea.

In the palmy days of Greece, the Ionian islands enjoyed a great celebrity. But when the ancient republic fell, they underwent many changes in government, and have been a prey, from time to time, of the greater powers surrounding them. After being under Latin princes for many years, subsequent to Rome's supreme sway, they fell a prey to corsairs, and anarchy prevailed. In the year 1386, however, the people placed themselves under the sovereignty of Venice. Under this rule they were still greatly oppressed, and on the fall of Venice in 1797, they passed nominally under the rule of the French, but finally became subject to Russia and Turkey. At last, in 1815, a treaty was signed at Paris, between the European powers, making the Ionian islands a free and independent state, under the immediate and exclusive protection of the British crown; Great Britain having before this conquered six of the islands, and received one more by surrender from the French. This arrangement was of great advantage to the inhabitants, and continued until 1864, when England, in compliance with the wish of the other great powers, recognized the union of these islands with the kingdom of Greece, now ruled over by King George, at Athens, with which government they are at present connected.

The spring months are said to be the most favorable time for visiting these interesting islands, and this was the period of our visit to them. The Ionian Sea was then smooth and tranquil; the sun shone brightly overhead, and a delicate purple hue rested upon the rocky outlines of the various islands, and spread itself over the white mountains of Albania, on the main-land opposite. Passing the night in the vessel from Brindisi, we awoke on Saturday morning, March 15th, to find the ship just passing a fine headland on the Albanian shore, and approaching the rocky island named Fano. Long and eagerly did we gaze upon the outlines of this rocky

isle, as the vessel was slowly passing it; for tradition says that this was the place where Calypso lived, the goddess who entertained Ulysses for so many months after his cruel shipwreck.

As is well known, Homer's poem of the Odyssey is a sequel to his first great poem named the Iliad. The former song describes the Greek heroes who gathered and fought at the siege of Troy. The latter tells how Ulysses was tossed about and shipwrecked, and almost miraculously preserved from the fury of the anger of Neptune, as he was returning from the siege of Troy to his own island home of Ithaca. After one of these perilous adventures in the sea, wherein all his sailors were drowned, the hero was cast upon this island of Fano, then named Ogygia. Calypso was a goddess who dwelt there; "in her grove crowned with alders and poplars; her grotto against which the luxuriant vine laid forth his purple grapes; her ever new delights, crystal fountains, running brooks, meadows flowering with sweet balm-gentle and with violet; blue violets which like veins enameled the smooth breasts of each fragrant mead." We looked anxiously for these signs as we passed Fano, yet not one brook, or tree, or flower could we see. Alas, how the scenes of poetry and fiction disappoint us, if we have not the poet's vision! Yet it is said, here Calypso dwelt and offered Ulysses the gift of immortality if he would always remain with her. But for love to his wife Penelope, in his own island home at Ithaca, he refused, and after twelve months of sorrow, she allowed him to depart in a ship of his own construction.

Our voyage soon brought us in sight of Corfu, our present destination. This island is a large one, containing an area of 227 square miles, and 72,466 inhabitants. The chief port and city of the same name, lies on the east side of the island. A narrow yet high peninsula seems to have located the city here originally. The extreme point of the peninsula has been fortified and made into a high citadel, from which a fine view may be obtained of the Albanian mountains on the east, the broad Ionian Sea between, the city lying at the foot of the citadel, and back of it, westward, the fine and fertile country.

On Sabbath morning we attended the Greek Church in Corfu, and saw the strange rites and ceremonies. The worship began in an informal manner, the people walking, one by one, within the chancel, to pay their devotions to the following objects. They kissed the pictures of St. John, the Saviour, the Virgin, and Moses, each in the order named, having first paid a visit to the effigy of the patron Saint, named St. Spiridon; finally they retired after having kissed the altar cloth, with gestures of the deepest reverence.

The people were of all grades in society, rude peasants, Albanian mountaineers with their shaggy coats and white kilts; and also well-dressed Anglicised Greeks, who followed the unwashed throng to kiss the sacred pictures. Finally the priests appeared in the chancel, within which we as visitors were also permitted to stand, and began the services proper, by separating themselves into three groups, and following each other in responsive singing. They have no choir in this church, but the priests clad in long black Genevan gowns and Oxford caps, do all the service. The leading priest soon came forth bearing a small bronze Greek cross between two bouquets of purple violets, which he blessed and placed upon the little altar table. Following this, we were told, the mass was celebrated, but we did not remain to witness it, as we wished to attend service in the Church of England.

On Sabbath afternoon all the people of Corfu and vicinity seemed to be congregated on the public square. The priests in gown and cap mingling freely with the people; while the band played martial music. The people many of them seemed to be very poor, their dress was a motley display of coarse dirty fabrics, and trimmings of high color. The streets of Corfu are narrow and very filthy, and the houses too much like those in southern Italy.

On Sabbath evening we enjoyed a sight from the top of the citadel never to be forgotten. The setting sun cast his beams over the wide sea and lighted up the snow-capped mountains of Albania. The music and hum of voices from the adjoining square fell sweetly upon the ear, while the eye feasted on the sight of olive and orange orchards rich with early leaves and ripe fruit. Beyond lay the fields and hills bathed in the purple hues of the setting sun's rays.

With the glass we could see Cressida, where tradition says Ulysses swam ashore after his shipwreck when coming from Ogygia, where the fair Nausicaæ found him almost perished, and took him to the palace of her father Alcinoüs, the king of the Phæacians. Subsequently we passed the island of Santa Maura, and sailed between Cephalonia, and Ithaca, the home of Ulysses, where he at last rested from all his trials and dangers. Continuing past Zante we reached Crete and Claudia on the following day, the scene of St. Paul's shipwreck. D. VAN HORNE.  
ALEXANDRIA, March 20th, 1879.



## Family Reading.

## THOU DOST ABIDE WITH ME.

Outside the night is dark, the winds are wailing,  
The storm is sobbing at my chamber door,  
And the tempests beat with efforts unavailing  
To break the lock and cross the threshold o'er;  
It matters not the leafless world is dreary,  
And storms are sweeping o'er the land and sea,  
That this frail dust is worn with travel weary,  
Dear Lord, Thou dost abide with me.  
I hear afar the sound of bitter weeping  
From those who shut on Thee their household door,  
And now, through every room the flood is creeping,  
And all their treasures swept its waves before;  
But I, like some blest child so sweetly sleeping  
Through some wild storm upon a mother's knee—  
I, in my room, am golden sunlight keeping,  
For, Lord, Thou dost abide with me.  
I know not where my pilgrim staff will take me,  
The future seems a dark and barren land,  
I only know that Thou wilt not forsake me,  
I still will feel the pressure of Thy hand;  
If through the desert Thou wilt go before me,  
And still support me on the troubled sea,  
Then never can the billows cold go o'er me,  
For, Lord, Thou dost abide with me.  
Oh, Shelter from the storm! Oh, priceless blessing,  
To entertain a guest so sweet and fair!  
To Him the wealth of heaven and earth possessing,  
I surely can my richest chamber spare;  
But that is not enough where all is owing,  
My soul throws open every door to Thee,  
And since, my cup of life with joy o'erflowing,  
Dear Lord, Thou dost abide with me.  
—Zion's Herald.

## THAT HORRID DRESS.

Against the tyranny of age and fortune,  
"I could stand upright;  
But the sad weight of such ingratitude  
Will crush me into earth."  
"There is no use in trying to make over that dress, mother," said Jenny Gordon, "for I won't put on the horrid thing. I'm just sick and tired of it, and I feel every time I put it on that everyone knows me by that dress, and I don't see why I can't have a new thing once in a while, just as well as the other girls!"  
"Why, dear daughter," replied Mrs. Gordon, in her quiet, lady-like way, "you know that your father is glad to do all that he possibly can for you, and is making sacrifices all the time for us all, and working almost day and night to try to meet all his obligations, and get through these terribly hard times without failing in business. Instead of grumbling because you cannot spend as much as you used to, I think it would be much better every way, and certainly much happier for you, if you would cheerfully do what you can to make it easier for your father, and be thankful that you have still so many comforts, and are only missing a few luxuries, while so many of our friends have had to give up their homes, and hardly know how they will be supported."  
"Well, perhaps I ought," said Jenny, "but I don't think one or two new dresses would break father, or make much difference with him anyway, and I won't put on that horrid dress again, and you needn't spend any time fixing it up for me. If I can't have something decent, and look as well as the other girls, I'll just stay at home and mope, and make you all uncomfortable, and I guess father will be glad enough to give me some new dresses, and I don't believe he is half as poor as he talks."  
"O my daughter, don't talk in that heartless way," said Mrs. Gordon. "You know I should not have given up one servant, and your father would not have sold the horses, and let the coachman go, and we should not have economized in many ways as we have been doing, had it not been necessary. I am sorry you make yourself so unhappy about the matter, for it shows a weak character. If we are only pleasant and cheerful when we have everything we like, and have nothing to vex or trouble us, I do not think we deserve much credit; for who would not be happy at such times? But if we can still be happy and cheerful when troubles come; if we can look them in the face and say, 'I'll just take this as from my heavenly Father, and make the very best of it, and help others to bear the burdens they are carrying, instead of adding a heavier weight,' then we surely give evidence of having true characters, and our cheerfulness will be worth far more to us, and to those we love than it ever was before! I do wish you would try to think as I do about these things, and not fret and worry so constantly!"  
But the mother's kind words seemed to make no impression upon her daughter, and she only replied: "When I'm as old as you are, I suppose I won't care how I look, but I think young folks

ought to have a good time; and you can't feel happy and cheerful when all your friends are going out in new dresses, and you have to keep wearing the same old things," and then she flaunted out of the room muttering something disagreeable in an undertone, and slamming the door after her.

Mrs. Gordon, with tears in her eyes, and with a heavy heart, took up the dress which they had been discussing, and went to her room. She felt so sad that a daughter of hers, and the oldest of her four children, should show so unamiable a disposition and be so unreasonable and unsympathizing, that she could no longer force back the tears; and locking her door, she sat and cried over this new sorrow which was so hard to meet.

But after a time she said to herself, "I will go down and see my dressmaker, and get some hints from her about remodeling the dress, and I'll make it for Jenny when she does not see me, and hope she will be pleased with it." She was soon in the street car with the dress in a package on her way to their old dressmaker. Mrs. Gordon mentioned to her that they were not having much work done this winter, and told her that she came to get her ideas as to how she could best renovate the handsome silk she had made for Jenny two years previous, so that it would be suitable to wear to concerts or to small evening companies.

"Yes," said Miss Crafts, "you can make that over beautifully, and it will be almost as handsome as anything new you could get. Half the ladies are doing their own sewing this winter, and remaking old dresses; and, indeed, every one seems more quiet in their dress than they were a few years since."

Then she told Mrs. Gordon just how she could make the dress, and gave her some patterns to help her. She had received many hundreds of dollars from Mrs. Gordon during years gone by when money was plenty, and we heard nothing of hard times, and now was very glad to oblige her. As she handed her the patterns she said: "If Mr. Baker's family had only tried to help him these last two years by economizing to some extent, I do not think he would have failed. Have you seen him lately, and how sad and haggard he looks? Why, Mrs. Baker and those three girls never seemed to care at all how hard it was for their father to get money; they were bound to spend just as much as when his income was so much larger. Of course he had as much property as ever, but it brought him in almost nothing compared to what it did a few years since, and he had to fail. I made three or four elegant dresses for each of the girls this winter which, with my bill, must have cost several thousand dollars, and then they gave that beautiful evening party, and the lunch-parties just before their father went into bankruptcy; and everybody thinks less of them for it."

Mrs. Gordon did not stop to hear more, but was soon at her home again; and finding that Jenny had gone out sleighing with one of her young lady friends, she immediately went to work to rip up the dress, press it, and get it in good shape for recutting. For many days when Jenny was out of the house, or at evening entertaining some friends, or attending a concert, Mrs. Gordon sewed on the dress, until it was finished and looked, as the dressmaker said, almost new. Then one afternoon she called Jenny into her room, showed it to her, and asked her to put it on and see how it looked. Jenny was surprised at the beauty and tastefulness of the garment, but was too proud to say so, and after putting it on, remarked coldly and ungraciously: "Well, it looks better than I thought it would, but everyone will know, it's an old thing, anyhow, and I shall never take a minute's comfort in it, but I suppose I'll have to wear it, there's no hope of getting a new one."

Just then a caller was announced, and without a word of thankfulness to her mother for the trouble and time she had spent, or a kiss of gratitude and appreciation, she arranged her collar and cuffs and went into the parlor to receive her friend and former schoolmate, a sweet, lovely girl, the daughter of a clergyman. After some general conversation, the friend remarked: "Jenny, excuse me, but I must tell you how remarkably sweet you look in that lovely dress. I have not seen you wear anything so becoming for a long time, and those trimmings are something so new and tasteful. May I ask who made it for you?"

"Why, do you think it is handsome?" Jenny replied. "Mother cut it and made it, and I've been just mad about it. I told her I'd never wear the horrid thing, and she needn't make it for me, for it was one I had two years ago, and I did not know she had touched it until after lunch to-day, and she called me into her room and showed it to me just as it is, and I haven't thanked her yet for it, and don't mean to either, for I do want two dresses this winter."

"You naughty, ungrateful girl," said her friend, "you ought to be ashamed of

yourself to talk in that way. I know I'm not half as good as I ought to be to my mother, but I do thank her when she helps me to make over my dresses, and does so much for me. I visited one of my friends in Philadelphia last winter, who used to treat her mother so unkindly and cruelly that it just made my heart ache, and not long after my visit her mother died. I do not know how Belle felt about it, but it made an impression on me that I shall never forget, and I have been trying to be more loving and appreciative to my mother ever since."

Jenny could scarcely reply to what her friend said, but changed the topic of conversation, and tried to be as lively as ever. But after the friend had gone she went to her room and sat down to think over her conduct. And the more she thought the more she felt convinced that she had been very much like the Philadelphia friend, an unkind, unloving unsympathizing daughter, and she determined that from that day she would try to be more a comfort to her mother, whose only object in life was to make her husband and children happy.

During the call Mrs. Gordon had remained in her room, occupied with sad thoughts. "Why is it," she said to herself, "that so many mothers find so little comfort in their daughters? When we have loved them and cared for them all their lives, and have looked forward to the time that they would be real comforts and companions for us before they leave us for their own homes, why is it that we are so often disappointed in them?" And then with a true mother's love, and striving to hide from herself even the faults of her children, she continued, soliloquizing: "Jenny is a comfort to me in many ways, and I should be terribly lonely without her. I've no doubt she is better than most girls, and perhaps I should have acted no better under the same circumstances. Yet I never did treat my mother so, and it almost breaks my heart to have Jenny feel and speak to me as she does."

While such thoughts were still passing through her mind, and the big tears rolling down her cheeks, her door suddenly opened, and Jenny, sobbing aloud, came quickly in, dropped into her mother's lap and throwing her arms about her neck and kissing her, said, as soon as she could speak:

"Mother, I have been an ugly, bad-tempered girl, and I've made you very sad, I know; but if you'll forgive me, mother, I'll try to make you happy all the rest of my life. I've been wicked and ungrateful to you," and then she sobbed again, and neither of them could speak, as their hearts melted together.

After a moment she continued: "This dress is just lovely, mother, and I do thank you for making it, but I'll help you when we make over the next one;" and then with a pleasant smile overspreading her face, like sunshine after April showers, she said: "And mother, if I ever treat you as I have done, just say, 'Jenny, remember that horrid dress,' and I think I be good and kind at once."

## THE SAFE WAY.

The pilot of United States revenue cutter was asked he knew all the rocks along the coast where he sailed. He replied: "No; is only necessary to know where there are no rocks." These words suggest a moral and spiritual truth. Sermon lectures and books abound on the temptations which lie along the life-line of the young to eternity. Over most dangerous ones are lifted the sun notes of repeated warning. This well. And yet how much more freely does the word of God present a force, with all the urgency of mother love can suggest, the very truth tained in the pilot's answer—the "It's highway of holiness." Look into Jesus with simple faith, the soul secure; whatever the perils that lurk every hand, there are no rocks ahead.

## THE LITTLE SHOES DID IT.

A man who had been reclaimed from the vice of intemperance was called upon to tell how he had given up drinking. He arose looked for a moment very confused. He could say was: "The little shoe it!" With a thick voice, as if his was in his throat, he kept repeating. There was a stare of perplexity every face, and some thoughtless people began to titter. The man all his embarrassments, heard them and rallied at once. The light into his eyes with a flash—he drew himself up and addressed the audience the choking went from his throat. "Yes, friends," he said, in a voice at its way, clear as a deep-toned whatever you may think of it, I've got the truth—the little shoes did it was a brute and a

fool; strong drink had made me both, and starved me into the bargain. I suffered; I deserved to suffer. But I didn't suffer alone—no man does who has a wife and a child, for the woman gets the worst abuse. But I am no speaker to enlarge on that; I'll stick to the little shoes. It was one night, when I was all but done for, the saloon-keeper's child came into the saloon holding out her feet for the father to see her fine new shoes. It was a simple thing; but friends, no fist ever struck me such a blow as those little new shoes. They kicked reason into me. What reason have I to clothe others with fineries, and provide not even coarse clothing for my own, but let them go bare? says I, and there outside was my shivering wife and blue-chilled child, on a bitter cold night. I took hold of the little one with a grip, and saw her chilled feet. Men! fathers! if the little shoes smote me what must little feet do! I put them, cold as ice, to my breast; they pierced me through. Yes, the little feet walked right into my heart and away walked my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left, I bought a loaf of bread and then a pair of little shoes. I never tasted anything but bread all that Sabbath day, and went to work like mad on Monday, and from that day I have spent no more money at the public house. That's all I've got to say—it was the little shoes that did it."

## WHY?

Why does the bud that is near to its breaking,  
Wake sweeter smiles than the fully-blown rose?  
Why does the dream on the verge of awaking  
Stir deeper truths than a deeper repose?  
Why does the love that is broken with parting  
Lift itself higher by the fullness of pain?  
Why is the incomplete rapture of starting  
Close on completion we never attain?  
Why? For a boundless unsatisfied longing  
Lies deepest down in the warm human heart;  
Ever with this are the sympathies thronging,  
Ever by this do the heaven-flowers start.  
Grow with our Spring: we can follow you wholly  
Only as far as its instincts are sent;  
Summer's a fact that is hidden and holy,  
We have not seen it—we are not content.  
—Sunday Afternoon.

## FUN AT HOME.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should drive the musty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left at the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, they will seek it at some other and perhaps less profitable place. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so well understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children. Half an hour of merriment around the lamp and firelight of a home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little home sanctum.

## THE LOGIC OF A HOLY LIFE.

Some years ago a young man, who gave clear evidence that he was truly a subject of the regenerating grace of God, was asked what had led to the change in him, as he had been wild and thoughtless. Was it any sermon or book that had impressed him? He proudly answered, "No!" "What was it, then? Did any one speak to you specially on the subject of religion?" The same response was given.

"Will you then state what first led you to think of your soul's eternal welfare?" The reply was:

"I live in the same boarding-house, and eat at the same table with J—Y—"

"Well, did he ever talk to you about your soul?"

"No, never till I sought an interview with him," was the reply. "But," he continued, "there was a sweetness in his disposition, a heavenly-mindedness, a holy aroma about his whole life and demeanor, that made one feel that he had a source of comfort, and peace and happiness to which I was a stranger. There was a daily beauty in his life that made me ugly. I became more and more dissatisfied with myself every time I saw him; and though, as I said, he never spoke to me on the subject of personal religion till I myself sought the interview, yet his whole life was a constant sermon to me. He was 'a living epistle,' speaking by action so clearly that I

could resist no longer; and accordingly I went and sought an interview with him. We held repeated conversations with each other. Then he pointed me to Jesus Christ, prayed with me, counseled me, watched over me."

## OIL YOURSELF A LITTLE.

Once there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants and everything he wanted, yet he was not happy, and when things did not go as he wished he was very cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper he went to a neighbor with the story of his distress.

"It seems to me," said his neighbor, sagaciously, "it would be well enough for you to oil yourself a little, my friend."

"To oil myself?"

"Yes; I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors in my house creaked. Nobody, therefore, liked to go in or out of it. One day I oiled its hinges, and it has been constantly used by everybody since."

"So you think, then, that I am like a creaking door," cried the old gentleman; "how do you want me to oil myself?"

"That's an easy matter," said the neighbor. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and your words with the oil of love."

The old gentleman went home, and no harsh or ugly words were ever heard in the house afterward. Every family should have a bottle full of this precious oil, for every family is liable to have a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit.—Southern Methodist.

## PRAYER AS A POWER OF REAL LIFE.

Christians often have little faith in prayer as a power in real life. Any unpurged mind will conceive of the scriptural idea of prayer as that of one of the most downright, sturdy realities in the universe. It has, and God has determined that it should have, a positive and appreciable influence in directing the course of a human life. It is, and God has purposed that it should be, a link of connection between human mind and divine mind, by which, through His infinite condescension, we may actually move His will. It is, and God has decreed that it should be, a power, as distinct, as real, as natural, and as uniform, as the power of gravitation, or of light, or of electricity. A man may use it as trustfully and as soberly as he would use either of these. "Good prayers," says Leighton, "never come weeping home. I am sure I shall receive either what I ask, or what I should ask."—Phelps.

## Useful Hints and Recipes.

APPLE SNOW.—Peel, core, and quarter a number of apples; set them to boil with a little water, a sufficient quantity of sugar, and the thin rind of a lemon. When quite done, remove the lemon rind; pass the apples through a hair-sieve. Have some whites of eggs beaten up to a froth; beat into them the apple puree, a spoonful at a time, until the mixture is of the consistency of whipped cream, and quite stiff. Serve heaped up on a dish, or simply in glasses.

FLANNEL IN SUMMER AND WINTER.—The best medical authorities say that nothing better can be worn next the skin than a loose woolen flannel shirt. Loose for it to move on the skin, produce friction, and draw the blood to the surface. Wool is better than cotton, for the perspiration comes through the flannel, and is evaporated from the surface, while the heat of the body dries that next the skin. Flannel is just as important in Summer as in Winter. Army statistics demonstrate the fact that the soldiers who wore flannel were not so liable to malarial as well as lung diseases.

TO REVIVE FROSTED PLANTS.—Plants are often frosted through neglect and allowed to die through ignorance. Those that have been quite severely nipped may be saved if treated rightly. The proper way is, when the frost has been partially drawn out of them, naturally, to drench them with cold water from a fine nosed watering pot, and immediately cover again, and let them so remain until they regain their natural color. When they are removed, clip off all such parts as are blackened. As soon as it is discovered that a plant has been touched by frost, remove it to a cool, dark room, and on no account suffer the sun to shine on it. If they can be covered so as to exclude air as well as light, it is better still. Dahlias, cannas, and the like, need not be removed until the frosts are severe enough to blacken the leaves.—Herald.



Miscellaneous.

BLUE FLOWERS.

BY C. E. R. P.

You ask which flowers I love the best,  
When Spring calls forth her pretty train,  
And each in cheerful garments dressed,  
She sends them forth o'er hill and plain.  
Give me blue flowers,  
To grace my bowers,  
"The perfect color"—heaven's own blue;  
Meek violet,  
In emerald set,  
And glistening with the fragrant dew;  
Or by the brook,  
With downcast look,  
The nodding harebell's fairy form  
I love to see,  
When lowly she  
Doth bend her head to meet the storm.  
Blue flowers! Oh, give me fair blue flowers,  
So pleadingly their azure eyes  
Uplook to mine at morning hours,  
Taking their color from the skies;  
Of heaven they learn,  
To heaven they turn  
Their opening bells at break of day;  
And heaven doth shed,  
On each fair head,  
A blessing on them where they lie,  
A blessing meet,  
For flowers so sweet,  
A portion of her glory bright—  
Our prayer should be,  
Oh, thus may we  
Be "clothed upon" with robes of light.

A DAY IN HAVANA.

He is wise who adapts himself at once to the leisurely modes of the natives. This fervid climate will not be trifled with. Rise at six. The early morning is delicious. Take only a cup of coffee and a hard biscuit, and start out for a walk to one of the many churches whose discordant chimes ring out a noisy welcome. Then visit the markets. That upon the Campo del Marto is the most picturesque. Here all the products of this fruitful isle hang in masses of rich confusion. Close by the battery at the end of the Prado a peculiar and exciting scene may be witnessed every morning. Here the surf rolls up with free stride against the shore. Just where a little bay is formed in the coral rock several hundreds of horses are undergoing an inspiring sea-bath, or awaiting their turn in long lines, tied head and tail, upon the shore. Without this refreshing process the horses soon drop under the climate, and even with it they are all sleepy and sad. Perhaps it is partly owing to the preposterous style of harness in use. At nine or ten o'clock breakfast is to be eaten, beginning with fruits. Then a ride until mid-day. Your guide will go to sleep while he talks. Somnolence is the normal condition of everybody in waiting. Take the hint and indulge in a siesta until about three. Then, if a man, you may smoke the soothing cigarette until dinner, which must be conducted in a leisurely style, cheap red wines taking a prominent place. Business hours with merchants cease by general custom at an early hour. After 4 o'clock in the afternoon the Prado and avenues leading toward the Cerro, present the gay effects we Northmen ascribe to festive occasions only. Our country women may be distinguished in the throng by their hats. The Cuban ladies disdain the use of further ornament for the head than that afforded by an elaborate coiffure. Their forms are swathed in light muslins, and many are seen wearing the lace scarf of Castile pendant from masses of dark hair knotted at the back of the head. The real social life of Havana is best revealed, however, after dark. Then a motley throng surges through the canopied streets towards the cafes, the theatres, and the public squares, where splendid military bands discourse stirring, and to us, novel Spanish music. In the brilliantly lighted cafes one must wait often for a vacated chair. Stupendous and strange-looking bibular compounds are placed before the drinkers. The leading theatre, as all the world has heard, is the "Tacon," the auditorium being not unlike those of many of our American play-houses. It is very large, having three galleries. The play being conducted with rapid movement upon the occasion of our only visit, our limited stock of Spanish proved inadequate to the duty of criticism. An odd custom prevails at another theatre of the vaudeville stripe. The writer was one of a determined quartette which held its own with a crowd in front of a wicket for half an hour or more. Having purchased the requisite tickets, we were compelled to breast the overflow of humanity coming down the one narrow stairway at the end of the first act. Having gained our box, we were permitted to enjoy a single act of a farce, in which the leading *dramatis personae* were a superactive soldier in very red and baggy pantaloons and an irate matron of muscular tendencies. This act lasted twenty minutes. The fate of

the heroine remains shrouded in mystery, for we shortly discovered that our term of lease had expired, and our box was wanted for another party. We should have gone down to the ticket office and engaged our places for the ensuing act. —FRANK H. TAYLOR, in *Harper's Magazine* for April.

A TIGER HUNT IN CALCUTTA.

On Monday, January 6, two tigers belonging to the ex-King of Oude, whose house is on the left bank of the Hooghly, escaped from their cages, a keeper having incautiously left the door of their cage open when cleaning it. One was shortly after killed in the King's grounds by a superintendent of police; the other swam across the river and landed near the ghat in the Botanical Gardens. Shortly after landing he knocked down and mauled Mr. Bierman, one of the European assistants. Mr. Scott and he had, after first seeing the tiger, gone into a house, but came out again to look for the brute, their attention being momentarily disturbed by the chattering of a monkey—an unusual sound in the Botanical Gardens. The brute seized his opportunity, and springing past a native, who was in front of the two gentlemen, knocked down one; he then immediately returned to his lay, and remained in the gardens all day. Owing to the presence of Stripes (the tiger) in the gardens, various pic-nic parties had to return without landing, though one party foolishly insisted on landing, notwithstanding contrary orders, but was soon obliged to beat a retreat. Towards nightfall the brute was heard giving tongue near the banyan tree, and shortly before daybreak it killed two bullocks in a small clearing a short distance to the north of the tree. The bullocks were tied up in a shed; one it dragged outside, and ate one hind-quarter, the other it left dead inside. Early on Tuesday morning some native shikaris were in the garden trying to stalk Stripes: one of them, while peering into a small brake, was severely handled, and is not expected to recover. During the day these shikaris were reinforced by some gentlemen from Calcutta; but their efforts to get near Stripes were unavailing, and they retired about 4 o'clock and left the grounds. In the afternoon a machan was erected in the jungle to the north of the gardens, near the scene of the kill, from the top of which the shikaris might have an opportunity of spotting Stripes, should he return to the scene of his feast the night before. To make a proper doubly-sure arrangement was provided on the roof of a small pukka-house, not far from the kill, and a live bullock was securely tied to a tree a few yards distant from the house, within full view of the shikaris on the roof, some plan-tain trees being cut away to give better aim. A speculation had arisen as to whether Stripes would prefer dead meat to live; in the course of the night the question was set at rest. Shortly after six, four gentlemen proceeded from Bishop's College to the scene of the kill, and placed themselves in positions for a good shot—two on the machan, two on the top of the pukka-house. It was then discovered that shooting could not be depended on without something to eat; one of the party immediately went off for materials for food and drink, and as he was returning with a chankidar distinctly heard Stripes not far off. He hastened on with the food, which was soon despatched inside the pukka-house, tables and chairs being dispensed with. Posts were again taken up, and soon after the brute was again heard giving tongue, as he was prowling about in search of food; this went on for about an hour, the bullock near the house showing evident signs of immense alarm, though perfectly silent. For half an hour after this the stillness of a clear moonlight night remained perfectly unbroken; all eyes were on the stretch, when suddenly, with a magnificent bound, a fine, full-grown tiger was on the bullock. Instantly a shot was fired, the brute doubled up, and the bullock bolted off at full speed; another shot was now fired, and Stripes evidently received this too, for he sprang aside into the jungle about twenty paces, moaned, and all was still. The shikaris being uncertain whether Stripes was really dead determined to spend the rest of the night where they were, it not being considered safe in the uncertain light of the moon to venture in search of him, beaters being at a discount. Soon after some chankidars arrived with beaters, and passed close to where Stripes was last seen; the men on the machan then came down and spent the rest of the night on the more comfortable roof of the pukka-house, belonging to a cow-keeper. As soon as it was light all hastened down to have a look, and there sure enough was Stripes, a magnificent animal, lying on his right side, quite dead. One shot had caught him on the left shoulder, the other in the right flank. The honor of this kill rests with Mr. Wace, of Howrah. —*Calcutta Englishman*.

PERILS OF AGRICULTURE IN TYROL.

The persistence with which humanity attaches itself to fertile land without regard to danger is illustrated elsewhere than here. The peasants on the slopes of Vesuvius push their cultivation and plant their homes in the very track of a possible lava stream, and all the world over, facility for obtaining a livelihood blinds the cultivator to all risks. Grohman says: "In the Wild Schonau, North Tyrol, not a few of the houses are built on such steep slopes that a heavy chain has to be laid round the houses and fastened to some firm object—a large tree or boulder of rock higher up. . . . In one village off the Paster Thal, and in two others off the Oberian Thal, many of the villagers come to church with crampons on their feet, the terrible steep slopes on which their huts are built, somewhat like a swallow's nest on a wall, requiring this precautionary measure. . . . In Moos—a village not very far from the Brenner, having a population of eight hundred inhabitants—more than three hundred men and women have been killed since 1758 by falls from the incredibly steep slopes upon which the pastures of this village are situated. So steep are they, in fact, that only goats, and even they not everywhere, can be trusted to graze on them, and the hay for the larger cattle has to be cut and gathered by the hand of man." I have myself seen, in walking among the hills, little stores of grass piled against the upper side of protecting trees, where it had been brought in armfuls when cut by the spikeshod mower. The haymakers gather their little crops here and there on the steep grass-patches, almost at the limit of vegetation, pack it in nets or in sheets, and bring it on their shoulders down the steep and dangerous paths. My earlier idea of an "alp" was that of a level plateau at the top of the lower mountains. Alps which are even nearly level are very rare, especially among the higher elevations. Generally they are so steep, so broken and so inaccessible that one wonders how cattle are got to them, and how they can be trusted to graze over them. These alps are bounded by no fences, and it must be an anxious task for those who have the herds in charge to get them safely together at milking time. Each animal wears its bell—not the hollow-sounding dull cow-bell with which we are familiar, but musical in tone, and heard for a much greater distance, or dairy-maid, who spends a September in nearly solitary attention to her arduous duties, are not altogether what one's imagination might depict. She is not the dairy-maid of poetry, nor is her temporary home filled with the more ethereal pastoral associations. Yet these people, too, have a romantic and imaginative side to their lives, and are happy and wholesome at content. The agriculture of North Tyrol, outside of the valley of the Inn, is mostly confined to very small operations. A few cattle, a few sheep, little poultry, a few small fields and a buntain pasture constitute the stock trade on which the industrious and frugal pair bring up their family in comfort and decency, accumulate portions for their daughters and lay aside a provision for their own old age. Labor-saving hardly exists. Everything is accomplished by unmitigated and unremitting toil. In youth and in early life the pees are stalwart, active and hearty; but age comes very early, and at for the vigor of manhood and womanhood is passed—the activity and vigor, not the endurance: up to really old even slight little women carry enormous loads in the baskets at their backs up down steep hill-sides and mountain paths, where an unaccustomed tourist in puff and toil to move his own unnumbered person. —George E. Waring, in *Harper's Magazine* for April.

Selects.

Many a youth has ruined himself by forgetting his identity and trying to be somebody else. Humility is of all graces chiefest when it doesn't know itself to be at all. —St. Bernard. To be born of the Spirit is the essential thing; and there must be the witness of a holy walk and conversation. Culture is good, genius is great, civilization is a blessing, education a great privilege, but we may be educated villains. The thing that we want most is the precious gift of the Holy Ghost. —John Hall. In the Christian warfare maintain the conflict is to gain the victory. The promise is made to him that endures to the end. The object of our spiritual life is to prevent this. Every day which is preserved from going back they sustain it. It is not darkness the an goes to at death, for God is light, of lonely, for Christ is with him. It is an unknown country, for Jesus is there, the vast company of the just, who shall be one with Him in fellowship and

blessedness of heaven forever. —Charles Kingsley.

Rise, for the day is passing,  
And you lie dreaming on;  
The others have buckled their armor,  
And forth to the fight are gone.  
A place in the ranks awaits you;  
Each man has some part to play;  
The Past and the Future are looking  
In the face of the stern To-day.

For a long time I felt myself to be a lost sheep, not knowing on whom to rely: and now, with the deepest consciousness that I have at last attained rest, I exclaim, "The Lord is my Shepherd. What is there that can harm me?" And as I look forward into the future, I exclaim, with David, "I shall not want." —Augustus Tholuck.

A blind man being led one day,  
Where fragrant roses blossomed gay,  
Said to his guide, "Here roses bloom,  
I know them by their sweet perfume."  
O! when blind souls around us go,  
Led by the eyes that watch us so,  
Blessed the Christian life that throws  
The sweet perfume of Sharon's Rose.

The moment that a Christian goes where he cannot take Christ with him he is in danger. The Master will not keep His hand under our arms when we go on forbidden ground. Presumptuous Peter needed a sharp lesson, and he got it. That bitter cry at the foot of the stairs bespoke an awful fall. How many such are rising daily into Christ's listening ears! —Rev. Dr. Cuyler.

Prayer is the key to open the day and the bolt to shut in the night. But as the clouds drop the early dew, and the evening dew upon the grass, yet it would not spring and grow green by that constant and double falling of the dew, unless some great shower at certain seasons did supply the rest; so the customary devotion of the early and latter dew. But if you will increase and flourish in work of grace, empty the great clouds sometimes, and let them fall in a great shower of prayer. Choose out seasons when prayer shall overflow like Jordan in time of harvest. —Bishop Taylor.

Science and Art.

PHOSPHORESCENT WATCHES.—A notable improvement in watches is reported from Chaux de Fonds, Switzerland. By a peculiar process the figures on the dial are rendered luminous, so that if exposed once during the day to the sunlight, they remain phosphorescent, and visible throughout the night. Preparations are being made for the production of these watches on a large scale.

RAILWAY UP VESUVIUS.—It is thirty years since a concession was granted for a railway up Vesuvius. It has been promised many times, but never so positively as now. The plan proposed involves the construction of an iron elevated railway about three feet high above the ground, on which is to run a train of eight cars operated by a steel cable. Each car is to be furnished with two automatic brakes. The cable will be double to provide against accidents. The actual tension on it will be 3,000 kilograms, but it will be made to support a tension of 33,000 kilograms. A small station will be another at the foot of the mountain. The ground has been chosen where there is least danger from an eruption, and all the material is movable, so that it can easily be taken up and stored in the observatory in case of eruption. It is expected that the railway will be completed before the summer of the present year.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—A gigantic picture, representing the battle of Waterloo, is in course of execution at Brussels. The canvas measures one hundred and fifteen metres in circumference and fourteen and a half metres in height, so that the superficies represents one thousand six hundred and sixty-seven and a half square metres. The artists, who are under the direction of M. Castellani, are in one of the vast workshops of the Pauwels Company. The painting is done a third at a time. The portion now under the brush is that on which the Belle-Alliance farmstead is shown, with the corpses of Highlanders and French lying thick on the ground, a spot where a desperate struggle took place. Further on we see the battalions of the Guard executing their last charge, and then forming the celebrated square. Napoleon on his white horse, is in the centre of the square, surrounded by his staff. The perspective is said to be admirable, and the details, especially in the dead figures, are described as realistic in the extreme.

CHEAP TELEGRAPHY.—A new Telegraph Company was organized lately in New York, which proposes to bring about an entire revolution in the business. The Company says it will proceed at once with the construction of a line of double wires connecting Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, and all important intermediate points. The lines will be built of cast steel and copper plated conducting telegraph wires with extra large size poles.

It is claimed, that the company is the owner of American and European patents for machine telegraphy, which over its own patent wires will transmit 1,000 words a minute, and over the wires now in ordinary use 500 words a minute. It is stated that the new system has been thoroughly tested, having been in practical operation for four months over circuits of 500 and 1,000 miles, and it is claimed for the system that with three wires it can perform the whole telegraph business of the country. Accuracy, rapidity and cheapness are the three principal features claimed for the new system, but the company, when in operation, proposes to establish the following new features in telegraphing:

1. Express Messages—To be dispatched instantly at a uniform rate of 25 cents for thirty words to all stations east of the Rocky Mountains.
2. Mail Messages—To be dispatched within one hour, and delivered through the nearest post-office or by messenger, within two hours from date of message, at 25 cents for fifty words.
3. Night Messages—To be delivered before 9 A. M. at 15 cents for fifty words.
4. Press Reports—For exclusive publication in one journal at 10 cents for 100 words.
5. Stamped Messages—It is proposed, under an arrangement with the Post Office, to use stamps for messages.
6. To utilize the street letter boxes for

stamped messages, to be collected every fifteen minutes during the day.

Personal.

Queen Victoria, it is rumored, has expressed a wish to see Canada, and the Prince of Wales is encouraging her to visit both that country and the United States.

The Rev. Dr. Deems, of New York, has been appointed Chaplain of the Woodruff Expedition, a floating college, which is to circumnavigate the globe.

Yung Wing, the Chinese Secretary of Legation at Washington, has given to the Chinese library 406 Chinese books, in addition to a like gift some two years ago.

Dr. McCosh, the president of Princeton College, has just become a citizen of the United States, his naturalization papers having been issued by Judge Nixon a few days ago.

Clemenceau, the leader of the Radical Left, in the Versailles Assembly, is a small man, cold looking and clear-headed. His speeches are pointed and brilliant, but he never rises to the fervor of Gambetta.

The late Dr. De Koven was an advocate of extreme sacramentarian views—doctrines which are sure to elicit very earnest opposition among Protestants, and yet the *Standard of the Cross*, an evangelical Episcopal paper of marked ability and fidelity to its convictions, says of him: "We shall find wide agreement in the sentiment that this distinguished leader and teacher entertained the real presence of Him whose grace we seek so diversely."

Bishop Colenso is still engaged with the Pentateuch, and is gradually eliminating the contents thereof. In his last volume he announces himself as very certain that in the original writings of Moses "there were no Ten Commandments." They are an "interpolation" by a later hand. Some of the Bishop's followers will probably demonstrate that there was no "Sermon on the Mount." In the hands of these critics the Bible is by piecemeal destroyed.

An English correspondent, writing from the Cape, says: "Catewayo, the Zulu King, is as merciless as he is bloodthirsty. I have known him to kill fifty women and children to feed his golden eagles. As brave as a lion, he will fight until he dies, and if he only sees a scratch on one of his warrior's backs when they return home he is put to death, as Catewayo thinks he must have turned from the enemy and have thus received the wound."

Books and Periodicals.

THE WREATH OF GEMS; OR, STRICTLY FAVORITE SONGS AND TUNES for the Sunday Schools, and for General Use in Public and Social Worship. By V. T. Barnwell. New York: Published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., 25 Union Square. For sale by Booksellers generally. Pp. 103.

The author states, that "this work has been planned and executed to meet a strong and growing demand for a music book calculated to bring the Church and the Sunday School closer together; i. e. make their respective exercises more homogeneous." The object is a good one. We have on more than one occasion, both in public and in private, called attention to the prevailing incongruity between the music appropriate to the service of the public sanctuary, and the evil consequences which must necessarily flow from this circumstance. Hence we also have urged the necessity, as well as importance of introducing a more elevated grade of music into the Sunday School.

The author of the present work, it seems, has likewise been impressed with the fact, to which we have adverted, and has undertaken to provide a remedy for it in the present work. It is his wish and effort to bring the music used in these two different spheres into closely affiliated relations to each other. The left hand page throughout the book is given exclusively to hymns and tunes which have become hallowed by long use in the worship of the Church, whilst the right hand page is appropriated to the better class of Sunday School music and hymns, gathered from a variety of sources and prepared by the most distinguished authors. We have examined the work most carefully, and have been very favorably impressed with it. It is well adapted to general Sunday School purposes, though, we confess, we should prefer seeing in it more extensive provision for Church festival occasions than exists. The work is very neatly gotten up, and its appearance makes a favorable impression. It has in it the elements of success.

TESSE WADSWORTH'S DISCIPLINE. By Jennie M. Drinkwater. Author of "Not Bad Alone," &c. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway. Pp. 411. Price, \$1.50.

We have read this work with considerable interest. It is fiction of the better sort. Its style is excellent, avoiding everything like pedantry, and, at the same time, maintaining a becoming dignity, and evincing an earnest clearness and expressiveness. The characters introduced are numerous, and often quite diverse, and yet in no instance overstrained and unnatural. Often most excellent sentiment is incorporated in the utterances, attributed to the most prominent characters introduced. The book is pleasant reading and will be popular. If there be any defect about it, which, perhaps, some may consider one of its chief merits and attractions, it is the fact, that it deals largely with matrimonial matters, as they are supposed to enter very often into the heads of young maidens and their anxious mothers.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—A new serial story by Jean Ingelow will begin in the number of Littell's Living Age for the week ending April 26th. It is published from the author's advance sheets, and opens in a very interesting way. The progress of a new story by this popular writer will be eagerly watched. A new volume of The Living Age, by the way, began with the first number of April, affording a good time for the beginning of new subscriptions. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,000 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with The Living Age for a year, both post-paid. Littell & Gay, Boston, publishers.

The full table of contents for April 19 is as follows: Walter Bagehot, *Fraser's Magazine*; "A Doubting Heart," by Miss Keary, author of "Castle Daly," "Oldbury," etc., *Advance Sheets*; The Position and Influence of Women in Ancient Athens, *Contemporary Review*; The Bride's Pass, by Sarah Tytler, author of "What She Came Through," "Lady Bell," etc., *Advance Sheets*; A Scots Bishop, *Blackwood's Magazine*; The Great Unloaded, *Blackwood's Magazine*; The Positivist Strike for a Liturgy, *Spectator*; A Fire at Hong Kong, *Pall Mall Gazette*; Charles Lamb, *Macmillan's Magazine*; The French Flag, *Pall Mall Gazette*; Poetry: From My Armchair; Theocritus in Winter; Fast-Day Hymn. Miscellaneous.

The following table of contents of the BIBLEOTHECA SACRA for April will show that many subjects of interest are presented, and the authors furnish an assurance of marked ability: The Unchangeableness of God; The Cherubim; Early New England Psalmody; A Defence of the Catholic Faith Concerning the Satisfaction of Christ against Faustus Socinus of Sienna Written by Hugo Grotius; Eschatology of the Old Testament; Apocrypha; The Last Days of Christ: Exegetical Notes on the Basis of Mark xiv. 17—xvi. 20; Theological Education; Lange's Christian Ethics; Notices of Recent Publications. Published by W. F. Draper, Andover, Mass.



## The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.  
 Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,  
 Rev. T. J. BARKLEY,  
 Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.  
 For Terms, see First page.

• WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1879.

## LITTLE ACTS OF KINDNESS TO PASTORS.

In the midst of the Easter festivities, there has been shown more than one evidence of good feeling towards pastors—not perhaps in the way of donation parties, which are often so made as to put the minister of Christ in the position of a recipient of favors, when the payment of his just dues would be better; but in those little tokens of regard, which amount to more than the mercantile value of the gifts. There may be those, even among ministers, who are so constituted, that they do not care for such things; but to most of them a simple rose-bud given in affection is as grateful as the offerings of the Church at Philippi to Paul, when a prisoner at Rome.

Very few people know how much a pastor has to bear. The load is such that unless supported by the grace of God, he would sink under it. His labor consists not only in taking the bullion of gospel truth and coining it for utterance and practical use in his public ministrations, but in carrying all the interests of his people upon the arm of his believing prayer and near to his heart of love. The anxieties which come upon him, by reason of these things are often so great, that he is in danger of being overwhelmed by them. And the strain upon soul, and brain and nerve is often increased by the indifference or ungenerous expectations and criticisms of those, who should be his helps.

We know full well that under such a stress of responsibility, a man is often disposed to sit down and give up. The light of hope almost goes out, and it is just in such circumstances that any little word or act of kindness is as soothing and cheering, as the touch of a gentle mother's hand upon the aching head of her weary boy. It is as gratifying as if a wife or daughter, should meet one at the doorway, when the work of the day is over, with a tuft of heart's ease, to pin upon the troubled breast. Once we remember, that we were almost borne down by pastoral care—felt discouraged and wounded, but were re-assured and comforted by a little girl, who had been waiting in an alley, to hand us some flowers. The bouquet she gave us, consisted of nothing but one blossom of dandelion and a few blades of grass, but the soul-eyed glance of the child showed us, that she was finding a pleasure in what she thought would please us. And afterwards when that little dimpled hand held another green sprig and pressed it on the snowy vestments, with which the dear form was robed for the grave, we felt thankful, that it had once been extended in an act of love to us. For it had assured us of more sympathy than we had dreamed of in gloomy hours, and made us realize that we were neither alone nor forgotten; nay more, that if Christian love could only be brought to express itself, it would be found to be far more general than pastors think it to be.

Give at least a few kind, encouraging words to your minister and to every one around you. They help now; they have a beautiful influence upon the future, and like the cup of cold water given for Christ's sake, will not be without their reward.

## MISSION WORK IN CALIFORNIA.

The Protestant clergymen of San Francisco have united in a movement "for the reformation of public affairs through religion," and are delivering sermons on the subject. The success of the work on this basis is assured by the great Head of the Church, however appalling the discouragements of sin may be.

## THE LATE MORTON McMICHAEL. A TRIBUTE FULL OF MEANING.

Through the courtesy of the committee appointed by the Journalists of Philadelphia, we were invited to hear an address delivered on last Thursday evening, at the Hall of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, by Col. J. W. Forney, upon the character and services of the late Morton McMichael, as Editor, Public Officer, and Citizen.

We were singularly impressed with the character of those who came out on that inclement night, to listen to the tribute paid to their time-honored friend. Such veterans as Eli K. Price, Joseph R. Chandler, Henry C. Carey, Gen. Robert Patterson, together with nearly all the prominent representatives, not only of the Press, but of the best social life of the city, and of the sentiments of the Nation had assembled without regard to private opinion, upon some points perhaps yet mooted, to listen to a delineation of the virtues of one, who, in the midst of the rage of conflict, had won the respect even of those who differed from him, and gone to his grave respected by all.

The remarks of W. V. McKean, managing editor of the *Public Ledger*, in introducing the speaker, were modest, graceful and tender. Col. Forney's address was neat, chaste and unique. He properly stood behind his subject, so that the man whose memory the occasion was intended to honor, stood forth alone before the audience, and the tears that moistened the eyes of white-haired men, during each recital, were like precious pearls that glisten in the sunlight, even amidst the snows of winter, and the frosts of death.

The eulogy pronounced upon Mr. McMichael, confirmed the testimony given to his manly worth when he was called away from earth. We thought at the time, that the tributes universally paid him, were the most beautiful wreaths we had ever seen laid upon the bier of any citizen of the land. They were distinguished by their recognition of so much true merit, that flattery would have been regarded as an offense to public sentiment.

The life of Mr. McMichael is a marked illustration of the fact that an able and cultivated citizen, not living in retirement, but drawn by the voice of his fellows to a conspicuous place in public affairs, during the incidents and excitements of stirring times, may yet preserve the character of a courteous gentleman, and leave behind him that beautiful glow which lights up the horizon when the sun has gone down.

It is almost useless to add, that the groundwork of all this was the Christian element, which, after all, was the informing principle and controlling power of Mr. McMichael's life.

## THE REFORMED QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The April number of this Review, presents the following table of contents: I. Despotism in Russia. By Prof. Charles Rudey, Paris, France. II. Preach the word. By Rev. J. H. Apple. III. School Life in Ancient Athens. By Rev. N. C. Schaeffer. IV. The Lord's Prayer. By Rev. S. N. Callender, D. D. V. The Impeccability of the Lord Jesus Christ. By Rev. F. W. Kremer, D. D. VI. The Book of Job. By Rev. R. Leighton Gerhart. VII. The Danger of the Republic from Atheism, Communism and Socialism. By Rev. Jas. Crawford. VIII. Review of Article 2 in January Quarterly. By Rev. Prof. Eph. M. Epstein, M.D. IX. Nitzsch's Protestant Theses. By Rev. Theodore Appel, D. D.

This is a very creditable number of the *Review*. Although a little late in making its appearance, it furnishes its readers with a list of articles which will compensate in interest for its slight tardiness as to the time of publication.

The first article is furnished by a native of Lehigh county, Pennsylvania, who has become one of the first linguists of Europe, and is now at the head of a large and flourishing institution in Paris, the capital of France. His views of Despotism in Russia are derived from careful study and personal observation. While they differ from the popular feeling in

this country, they are certainly strongly supported by facts, and are worthy of careful consideration. Prof. Rudey is a valuable accession to the list of contributors to this *Review*, and we learn that other articles may be expected from his pen. East Pennsylvania may well feel proud of his success. Though residing and laboring in a foreign country, he has lost none of his love for his native land.

The second article is a thoughtful and solid treatment of the subject of Preaching the Word. The treatment is comprehensive. With much earnest thought, it points out the manifold significance of the Word of God, centering all in the Personal Word, who for us men and for our salvation was made flesh. There seems at first reading a certain vagueness in the writer's treatment of his subject, but it may be urged in explanation of this, that there are passages in Scripture itself, in which it is not easy to determine whether the reference is to the spoken or the incarnate Word, so closely are they joined in one.

Prof. Schaeffer's article is sprightly and interesting, and it will have a special attraction for classical scholars. It evinces careful study of his subject and shows, that, in the ancient classical literature of Greece, and her system of education in the most cultured capital the world has ever seen, there is much to shed light on modern pedagogics. One important point made in the article is, that the chief element in education is the living teacher and the intercommunion of mind with mind. The tendency in our day is to multiply and increase methods and outward apparatus to such an extent, as almost to bury from sight the real work of teaching and learning. May not the question be raised also, whether the rage for *object teaching*, as it is called, by which the reception of knowledge through the eye is made so extremely important, is not in danger of losing sight of the more spiritual sense of *hearing*, in the work of education?

The article on the Lord's Prayer, by Dr. Callender, is one of the leading theological articles of this number of the *Review*. It aims to point out the organic and essential connection between the model prayer and the Christian's life. The remarks on the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread," maintaining that its primary reference is to spiritual, or super-sensible, bread, are worthy of careful consideration.

Dr. F. W. Kremer discusses in an earnest spirit, the Impeccability of the Lord in His state of humiliation. The subject involves the mystery of the freedom of the will of the relation of the divine and the human in the person of Christ, a mystery that can never be fully comprehended by human thought. The treatment of the subject in this article is earnest, and respectful towards those who hold the opposite view, and may be cited as an example of the manner, in which opposite views may be presented without manifesting offensive controversial spirit, or indulging in personalities.

The writer of the sixth article is known to the readers of the *Review* by his former contributions. His present article is a discerning and thoughtful review of Dr. Walter W. Raymond's commentary on the book of Job, and well sustains his reputation as an earnest and forcible writer.

The article by James Crawford, is from a new tributor. The three forms of error he discusses are joined in a sort of triple alliance against the order of society and threaten it with dreadful calamity. As Christianity moves onward to freest revelation, the powers of darkness are more and more unmasked, and concentrate their energies against the truth. There is an internal relation between these forms of error, so that to inspire and attract each other. Tintagonize the three pillars of morality and well-being in the world, God, Righteousness and Sobriety. To them in a group requires no little in preserving the unity of the ark but we think the writer has succeeded, not only in this, but also in making his article practical and popular. We hope to see other articles from him in the *Review*.

The eighth is from Prof. Epstein, of Tiffin. It appears, it

seems, by the request of several professors at Tiffin, who recommend it as an article specially appropriate and suitable for the *Review*. The merits of the article may be submitted to the intelligence of those, who have read Dr. Nevin's article which it criticises, as also the spirit and taste of those, who have specially recommended it as fitted for the *Review* at this time.

The last article is a translation, by Dr. Theodore Appel, of Dr. Nitzsch's theses in reply to the controversial work of Moehler on Protestant symbols. They gather up in condensed form a satisfactory answer to the attack, the strongest, perhaps, that has been made, of Romanism against Protestantism. It is never wise to underrate the strength of an enemy. The treatment of Romanism by a certain kind of Protestant polemics often falls into this snare, and as a consequence their own cause is weakened. Dr. Nitzsch was fully equal to the task of answering Moehler. With a calm conviction of the Scriptural foundation of Protestantism, he not only answers the attacks of Moehler, but sets forth in a positive way the invincible strength of the Protestant faith.

Our limits will not allow of a more extended notice of this number of the *Review* at this time. We may have occasion hereafter to refer to some of the articles again. The editor has entered upon a somewhat difficult task in the new departure of the *Review*, but we believe he will be able to accomplish it by the rule he has adopted. He will, however, need the co-operation of all who are sincerely desirous of seeing the *Review* fairly and faithfully represent the whole Church. We feel assured that the great majority on both sides are in hearty sympathy with this liberal and generous effort, and though it may require a little time to adjust matters, we believe the effort thus far gives fair promise of success. Both sides must be patient, and seek in a friendly spirit to understand each other. Any factious attempt to thwart or defeat this purpose will be visited with decided condemnation by the Church.

## THE NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL BODY.

In this Easter season, or rather the whole period of forty days between Easter and Ascension, our minds very naturally are more or less occupied with thoughts and reflections on the life and immortality which were brought to light by our risen and living Redeemer. Many are the questions which arise in our minds concerning the resurrection mystery. We, too, are inclined to ask: "How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?" As to the risen Christ, it may also be asked, With what body did He come forth from the grave? and what was the nature of that body, after which, we are told the bodies of the saints shall be fashioned? This is an important question, because as was Christ in His death, resurrection, and ascension, so will His people be.

Let no one suppose that such questions can be fully answered. This we know, however: that our Lord rose from the dead in the same body which was buried. It had undergone a mighty change, but still the same body. It was no longer limited to the conditions of earth and of sense; and yet the very marks of crucifixion were visible upon it, proving its identity beyond all doubt. In one respect Christ differed here from other men: His body did not dissolve into dust, from which man's physical nature was derived—in verification of the words of the Psalmist, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell (Hades); neither wilt thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption." His perfect holiness was, no doubt, proof against bodily corruption. Still there was a change: Christ now lived to die no more. We cannot understand the fact of His still eating common earthly food with His disciples, nor many other things connected with His resurrection life on earth; but we do know that He was no longer subject to any of the miseries of His former condition in the flesh. We need not speculate here, especially when we consider how much of undoubted truth we may learn from these forty days' life of the risen Christ. We need not be curi-

ous to know what would require a celestial mind to comprehend. This much is certain: Christ died, and was buried, and rose again to die no more. His body was natural and composed of the earthly material, which make up the ordinary outward man. It was sown a natural body, it was raised a spiritual body; and in all this His people are like Him.

Now, what do we mean when we confess the doctrine of the resurrection of the body? This article of our Christian faith does not and cannot mean that the gross substance of the *flesh* will rise again. That will be mingled with the earth, and in process of time will unite with other particles of matter in the formation of new organisms, it may be of various kinds, both animal and vegetable. And besides, in the body of a man to-day, there is not a particle of what constituted his outward, sensible organism when he was a child. The identity of the body is maintained from first to last, and its individual peculiarities are unchanged throughout life, while, at the same time, there can be no identity of matter between the present body and that of ten or twenty years ago. It is perfectly correct to say: "This is the same man that I saw and knew twenty years ago," even if it be meant the same *physically*; because there is *organic* identity, even though, "as is certain, the present bodily substance did not then exist, or belonged elsewhere. So it is true that our bodies will rise from the dead. The saints who know each other here, will recognize one another in the Resurrection. The organic sameness of the bodies will continue forever. The ideal form will not be unlike the earthly and mortal, in the general features, yet this mortal body may itself be in an important sense the grave from which the glorified body shall arise. K.

## CHANTING.

The *Christian Instructor* commends a congregation for its use of a scriptural psalmody, but thinks that there is no need to strain away at chanting, which is a step backwards. It says: "To make a long step forward with one foot, and a long one backward with the other is a dangerous feat." The *Instructor* is the organ of a denomination that opposes human composition in worship, and uses the inspired Psalms exclusively. Certainly every one respects the conscientious convictions of the United Presbyterians in this matter, and it must be admitted, that while, in the opinion of most Christians, they reject a great deal of good, they have been preserved from the wild excesses to which many have been led in taking every melodious ditty for a hymn. But of all persons in the world, the United Presbyterians ought to favor chanting, and many of their best people we think would like it. The object of the Rouse version was to preserve the words of the inspired Psalmist as nearly as possible, and they have been reduced to metre only to get tunes for them. Why not be more consistent, and adopt the older music which requires no change in the words, rather than cramp the all-important words to suit the music?

Chanting the Psalms and other portions of the Bible, we are glad to see, is becoming quite common, and some of the advantages it has in its adaptation to inspired language over metrical hymns, will commend it to still greater favor.

## ANOTHER DEATH IN THE MINISTRY.

A telegram received on Wednesday last, announced, that the Rev. S. N. L. Kessler, of Mulberry, Indiana, had died on the previous day, and would be buried on Thursday. The particulars will be given to our readers, as soon as they shall become accessible.

## ANNUAL SERMON.

We learn from the Corresponding Secretary of the Society of Inquiry, of the Theological Seminary at Lancaster, that Rev. William Hays Ward, D. D., Editor of the *Independent*, has accepted the invitation to preach the "Annual Sermon" this year.



[Communicated.]

## OUR FOREIGN MISSIONARY.

Rev. Ambrose D. Gring, missionary to Japan, writes from Brazil, Indiana, that he has finished the work of visiting the churches in the East and West, as directed by the Board. In Dayton, Ohio, he met with Dr. Mease and others, and addressed the congregation of the First church on the subject of Foreign Missions, and was warmly welcomed, and received much encouragement in his work. In Tiffin, Ohio, he was greeted by the President and Faculty of Heidelberg College and Theological Seminary, and addressed the students, and received many kind attentions. Wherever he has gone, he has received strong assurances of sympathy and support. He feels that his mission will have the warm confidence of the Church.

He and his companion are now on their way across the continent, and expect to arrive in San Francisco on the 26th inst. He will there meet with the brethren of the Pacific Coast, and will sail for Japan, in the "City of Peking," on the 15th of May. As the church is deeply interested in the movements of this brother, there will be communications from time to time in the columns of the church papers, so that the people may be fully informed of the progress which our missionary may make in his important work. In the meantime, let prayer ascend in his behalf, that he may be instrumental in planting our standard alongside of the different denominations already in that interesting field.

T. S. JOHNSTON,  
Secretary.

[Communicated.]

## CONFIRMATION AND COMMUNION AT BOYERTOWN, BERKS CO., PA.

It afforded the writer much pleasure to be present and participate in the Easter communion service of the Reformed congregation at Boyertown, of which the Rev. L. J. Mayer is pastor. Appropriate services were held during Passion Week, and on Good Friday a class of twenty-one catechumens was confirmed. Among this number were two children (son and daughter) of the pastor. Eleven persons were received by certificate, making the whole number added to the church thirty-two.

The services were all well attended, and seemed to make a deep impression on the minds and hearts of the hearers. On Sunday morning the beautiful and spacious church was well filled, and the people appeared to realize, that this is a time of joy and gratitude, in view of the glorious resurrection of Jesus Christ.

When the present pastor held his first communion here, seven or eight years ago, ninety persons communed. On last Sunday the number was two hundred and fifty-two. This shows a large increase during the present pastorate, and both the shepherd and his flock have much reason to be encouraged.

This charge is composed of three congregations: Boyertown, Swamp and Sasaman's, and is conveniently located—only four miles to the congregations, and the roads good. In going off from Boyertown to the Swamp church on last Sunday afternoon, we passed the memorable old mansion of the late Dr. Fred Herman, and also the homestead of the late Dr. Benjamin Schneider, of blessed memory. The latter is located in sight of the Swamp church, and is owned and occupied by Mr. Wm. Schneider, a brother of the sainted Dr. Schneider. He is an active member of that congregation, and seems deeply interested in the prosperity of our Reformed Zion.

As we passed the residence of Dr. Herman, we requested our genial companion to halt a few minutes, to afford us an opportunity to view this sacred and noted spot. Here a venerable doctor of divinity, professor of theology, and hard laboring minister of our Church lived and labored for many years. He had a very extensive field of labor. I can remember him upwards of fifty years back. My sainted mother's house was one of his stopping places, when he held service at Spiece's church, five miles east of Reading. We were always glad to see him.

Whilst halting in front of his house I called to mind the names of some of our ministers (now in heaven, we humbly trust), who received their preparatory training here, viz.: A. Mr. Young, J. C. Guldin, B. S. Schneek, T. H. Leinbach, Jos. S. Dubs, Peter S. Fisher, Richard A. Fisher, and others—as well as five of Dr. Herman's sons. All are deceased except the Rev. Lewis C. Herman, who has not for some time been engaged in the active duties of the ministry. The above-named brethren were laborious and successful ministers of the gospel, and their works do follow them.

The large field occupied by Dr. Herman is now under the pastoral care of quite a number of active ministers. He, being dead, yet speaketh. True, his students have followed him to the eternal world, but they too are still speaking.

We enjoyed our visit to Boyertown and Swamp very much, and hope and pray, that the Great Head of the Church may continue to prosper pastor and people. C. H. L.

[Communicated.]

## EASTER AT QUARRYVILLE, LANCASTER COUNTY, PA.

The Easter in this congregation was full of interest and encouragement. When it is remembered that but a few years have elapsed since the New Providence charge was so sadly injured by difficulties connected with a former pastor, it is a pleasure to witness its restoration to peace and harmony. This result has been reached under the efficient pastorate of Rev. D. B. Shuey. By his unselfish labors, peaceful spirit and good practical judgment, he has rallied the charge, and restored it to unity. The congregation at Quarryville had suffered most, but its days of dissension are over, and it has now entered upon a new career of prosperity. A class of six, all married persons, was confirmed, and one added by certificate. A choir has been organized, and a new organ placed in the church. The attendance on Easter Sunday was large. The pastor was assisted in the services by Dr. T. G. Apple, of Lancaster. Quarryville is one of the beautiful spots in Lancaster county. Did space allow, we could point out some of its beauties and advantages of location, its growing prosperity, and the new spirit that has been awakened in the Reformed Church there. Mr. Shuey finds valuable support in his members and officers, who appreciate his untiring devotion to the interests of the Church. There is what may be called a Preachers' Home at Quarryville, presided over by a well-known

elder and his lady, whose large-hearted hospitality and intelligent entertainment have been shared by many of our ministers. Near by are the homes of several other elders whose temporal prosperity and steady devotion to the Church afford assurance, that the interests of the congregation will be maintained and promoted. One of the encouraging features of the church, is the intelligent, cultivated and active company of young persons, who attend its services and join in its support. With such helpers, the pastor cannot fail or succeed in his labors. When the columns of the MESSENGER are less crowded with joyous Easter reports from the churches, the writer may ask a larger space for a more extended description of this attractive portion of Lancaster county, which is noted, among other things, for being the birth-place of Robert Fulton, whose statue is soon to be placed in the Capital of the nation.

## EASTER INGATHERINGS.

## SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

Services were held every evening during holy week in the First Church, Lancaster, Pa., Rev. J. A. Peters, pastor, and also on Good Friday morning, at 8 o'clock. The attendance on these services was very good. On Friday evening, sixteen persons were added to the church by confirmation, six of whom received adult baptism. These make the additions to this church since the present pastorate commenced thirty-eight, seventeen by confirmation, eight by certificate, and thirteen by renewal of profession. The holy communion was administered on Easter Sunday morning. The number of communicants was large, and a deep solemnity pervaded the audience.

In connection with the Easter season, twelve persons were added to the Church of the Ascension at Norristown, Pa., of which the Rev. H. M. Kieffer is pastor, nine by confirmation, and three by certificate. With the above, the additions during the present pastorate have reached ninety-four.

Services were held in the Goshenhoppen and Trinity Reformed Churches, of which the Rev. Dr. C. Z. Weiser is pastor, alternately in the morning and afternoon, on Good Friday, Saturday, and Easter Sunday. Large audiences were present on each occasion. Eight hundred and forty persons communed, and the Easter offerings amounted to \$85. A number of persons were added to the church on certificate and renewed profession. The communion was administered to twelve sick persons at their homes. It was a busy season for the pastor, yet he was enabled to get through all the services without assistance from other brethren.

In connection with the communion held in Sinking Spring Church, Berks county, Pa., Rev. W. F. P. Davis, pastor, held on Easter Sunday, nineteen persons were added to the church by confirmation. Services were held in this church every evening during the previous week.

Eleven persons were added to the church at Harrisburg, Pa., Rev. W. H. H. Snyder, pastor, in connection with the services, preparatory to the holy communion held on Good Friday evening, eight by confirmation, and three by certificate. The services during Passion week were well attended, and the number of communicants on Easter Sunday was larger than usual. A children's Easter service was held on Sunday afternoon. It consisted of Easter music, hymns, etc., with an appropriate responsive service and interesting and instructive addresses. The pastor was assisted by the Rev. Joseph H. Dubbs, D. D., of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa.

The pastor of Trinity Reformed Church of Pottstown, Pa., Rev. L. K. Evans, was assisted in his Easter services by the Rev. Prof. N. C. Schaeffer Principal of the Keystone Normal School, Kutztown, Pa. Services were held every evening during Passion week, except on Monday and Saturday evening. The number of communicants on Easter Sunday was much larger than usual. The services were all well attended. Thirty-two persons were added to the church, twenty-nine by confirmation, and three by certificate.

In addition to the number added to the churches of the Rev. Dr. N. Gehr and Rev. G. A. Scheer, by confirmation, as given in last week's issue, the former added by certificate four, and the latter seventeen.

The services during Passion week were held conjointly by the pastors of the Reformed and Lutheran Churches in New Holland, Pa., Rev. D. W. Gerhard and J. W. Hassler, a custom observed during the last ten years, alternating every other evening between the two churches the Reformed pastor conducting the services in the Lutheran church, and the Lutheran pastor those in the Reformed church. The pastor of the Reformed church confirmed three persons on Good Friday, and held an interesting communion service on Easter Sunday.

The Easter communion service at St. Peter's Church, of the White Deer charge, Pa., Rev. W. W. Clouser, pastor, was more than usually large and deeply interesting and solemn. Eleven persons were added to the church by confirmation, making the additions during the year, thirty, and during the present pastorate, two hundred and forty-two. One feature connected with this communion service was peculiarly impressive. It was the last service of the kind that will be held in the building occupied by the congregation during the past sixty years. The building is to be taken down to make room for a new one, after the more modern style.

The Easter season as observed by St. John's Church, at Jonestown, Pa., Rev. A. R. Bartholomew, pastor, was one of more than usual interest to the congregation. A member furnishes us a lengthy report of the services connected with the occasion, which the pressure upon our columns of this kind of matter, obliges us to reduce to a comparatively short space. Preparatory service was held in the German language on Good Friday afternoon, in connection with which six persons from the catechetical class, which had attended a regular catechetical service once a week for some time past, were added to the church by confirmation, making the additions during the present pastorate of six months continuance, thirteen. The English preparatory service was held on Saturday evening previous to the communion. These services were largely attended. The number of communicants was one hundred and twenty-five.

On the afternoon of Easter Sunday, an Easter service was held with the children of the Sunday-school. They all brought with them Easter eggs, which were gathered and donated to the orphans at Womelsdorf. The teachers and scholars were appropriately addressed by the pastor, dwelling especially upon the origin and significance of the Easter egg. In the evening, a special service was held with

the catechumens. The occasion was full of interest and profit. The church also was clothed in an appropriate holiday dress.

Nine persons were added to the church at Sunbury, Pa., Rev. C. S. Gerhard, pastor, in connection with the Easter communion. The services during holy week were very well attended, and the number of communicants unusually large.

The St. John's Mission Church, Wyoming, Delaware, Rev. E. H. Dieffenbacher, pastor, was favored with a very pleasant and profitable Easter season. The Sunday-school was fully attended on Easter morning, and each scholar was the recipient of an Easter egg. A regular Easter service was observed, and the school was briefly addressed by the pastor. Services in the church were held once a week during the Lenten season, and on every evening during Passion week. On Good Friday morning ten persons were added to the church, four by confirmation, and six by renewal of profession. The communion was the largest held during the present pastorate. It was a time of refreshing to both pastor and people. The services were all well attended, and the interest continued to increase until the close.

The Easter communion in the St. John's Church, Lebanon, Pa., the pastor, the Rev. Dr. T. S. Johnston, reports, was the largest in the history of the congregation. Passion week services were held, and on each evening an appropriate address was delivered by the pastor. Seven persons were added to the church, five by confirmation, and two by certificate. During the present pastorate the congregation has freed itself from debt, and been largely increased.

The Reading papers announce the following as the additions made to the Reformed churches in that city, in connection with the Easter season: First Church, Rev. H. Mosser, pastor, fifty-five by confirmation; Second Church, Rev. Dr. C. P. McCauley, pastor, twenty-one by confirmation, and five by certificate; St. Paul's Memorial Church, Rev. Dr. B. Bauman, pastor, fifteen by confirmation; and St. John's Church, Rev. J. W. Steinmetz, pastor, fifteen by confirmation.

Five persons were added to the church at Easton, Pa., of which the Rev. D. Y. Heisler is pastor, in connection with the Easter communion, four by confirmation, and one by certificate. Services were held every evening during Passion week, which made a good impression on all who attended.

The church at Catasauqua, Pa., Rev. J. J. Crist, pastor, held a communion service on Easter Sunday. The preparatory services were held on Good Friday. On each occasion, the services in the morning were conducted in the German, and those in the evening in the English language. Sixty-one persons communed, and nine persons were added to the church. The pastor has every reason to believe, that the growth of the congregation would be rapid, were the debt with which it is incumbered, removed.

## SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

The pastor of the English church at Frederick, Md., Rev. Dr. E. Eschbach, reports, that two services were held each week during Lent in his church, and daily service during Passion week, with a second confirmation service on Good Friday, at which twenty-six persons were added to the church, twenty-three by confirmation, two by renewal of profession, and one by certificate. Among these confirmed was an aged father, who has lived upwards of seventy-five years. Three others also are parents of grown children. One came from the Roman Catholic Church. These increase the additions to full membership since the previous Easter communion to forty-four. There were also forty-three baptisms during the same period.

The Lenten services were all well attended, the interest and devotion, as well as the audience increasing as they progressed, until they culminated in the Easter joy, when the large church was well filled, and the number of communicants was larger than at any other communion held during the present pastorate; reaching about four hundred. Glad, joyous Easter carols were sweetly sung by a trained choir of the Sunday school, in connection with both Easter morning and evening services, and on each occasion the church was filled with devout orshippers. The offerings for benevolence during the Lenten services aggregated \$60., and those on Easter morning \$139.81, making a total of \$200.

Services were held during holy week in the church at Winchester, Va., Rev. C. G. Fisher, pastor, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered on Easter Sunday. The communion services especially were well attended. Six persons were added to the church, three by confirmation, and three by certificate. The pastor was assisted by the Rev. W. F. Lichliter, of Woodstock, Va.

The pastor of the Emmitsburg, Md., charge, Rev. A. R. remer, reports, that they had a very pleasant Easter season. He had no assistance, but preached himself eleven times from Palm Sunday to Easter Sunday. The number of communicants on Easter Sunday is said to have been the largest at any previous communion in the history of the congregation. Six persons were added to the church by confirmation, one of whom received adult baptism. The floral decorations were very fine and the occasion was one of great interest and solemnity.

The church at Martinsburg, W. Va., Rev. J. A. Heine, pastor, improved the Easter season in their usual interesting and impressive manner. Services were held early and late, which were largely attended. The number of communicants was large, and the contributions were unusually liberal. The floral decorations were unusually rich, and the music was of superior order. Twenty-four persons were added to the church, four of whom received adult baptism. The pastor was assisted by Rev. Dr. E. V. Gerhart, of the Theological Synod at Lancaster, Pa., whose sermons were well received and highly appreciated.

The communion of the Lord's Supper was administered on Easter Sunday in the church at Metown, Md., Rev. T. F. Hoffmeier, pastor, was the largest held during the present pastorate. Sixteen persons were added to church by confirmation. Services were held Good Friday morning, and preparatory services on Saturday afternoon. The season was a pleasant and profitable one. He was assisted in the services by his brother Rev. W. Hoffmeier. The congregation is in prosperous condition, and the Sunday-schools growing to such an extent, that it is copulated to enlarge the building erected for accommodation.

Easter communion in the church at Dnnon, Pa., the pastor, the Rev. U. H. Heilmann, reports, was the largest and most comfortable during the present pastorate. The services commenced on the previous Wednesday evening, and were closed on Easter

Sunday. Five persons were added to the church. The floral decorations were simple, but beautiful and significant. An offering of \$10.66 for missions was made by the Sunday School and congregation. Much to the gratification of the children of the Sunday School, they were presented with Easter eggs by their teachers.

The Easter communion held in the Third Church, Baltimore, Md., Rev. C. Clever, pastor, was full of interest and promise. Twenty-three persons were added to the church, seventeen by confirmation, and six by certificate. The pastor was assisted in the services by the Rev. J. F. Sauerber, of Heidelberg Church, York, Pa.

Easter services were held at the Bethel Church of the Glade charge, Frederick county, Md., Rev. O. E. Lake, pastor. They were largely attended, and a greater interest was manifested than on any previous occasion during the present pastorate. Eleven persons were added to the church, nine by confirmation, and two by certificate. Six are heads of families.

The church at Chambersburg, Pa., of which the Rev. W. C. Cremer is pastor, enjoyed a very precious Easter communion, preceded by services every evening during Passion Week, the attendance on which increased as the services progressed. Twelve persons were added to the church, nine by confirmation, two of whom received adult baptism, and three by certificate. The baptismal service was held at 2 o'clock, and the children's service at 6 o'clock in the afternoon, which were largely attended and full of interest.

## PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

Eleven services were held in connection with the Easter communion in the Second church, Greensburg, Pa., Rev. J. W. Love, pastor, including two on Palm Sunday. The attendance was large. Seventeen were added to the church, of whom five are heads of families, and four received adult baptism. Ten more communed than at any former communion in the history of the congregation. The pastor adds: "It was soul-cheering to see the large number of young people at the Lord's table. Our past has been prosperous; our present happy, and our future full of promise and hope."

Nine persons, seven of whom are heads of families, were added to the Brush Creek congregation of the Brush Creek charge, Westmoreland county, Pa., Rev. D. B. Lady, pastor, in connection with the Easter communion, two by confirmation and seven by certificate and renewed profession. The additions to the church during the past year aggregate forty-nine. The pastor and people are encouraged, and look forward to further successful work in the near future, in reliance upon the Great Head of the Church.

The Easter festival in the Berlin, Pa., charge, Rev. S. R. Bridenbaugh, pastor, a member reports, was a season of special rejoicing and thanksgiving. The services connected therewith commenced on Ash Wednesday, and were carried forward through the Lenten season, closing with the communion service on Easter Sunday. Services were held every evening during Passion Week, in connection with which the topics suggested by the history of our Lord's passion were forcibly presented. Seventeen persons were added to the church by confirmation, making the additions sixty-eight during the present pastorate, which covers a period of eighteen months. The prospects of the charge are full of promise, and must be a source of gratification and thankfulness, as well as of encouragement, to both pastor and people.

The church at Mercersburg, Pa., Rev. I. G. Brown, pastor, enjoyed a very refreshing Easter communion. The attendance on the services during the previous week was very encouraging. Twenty persons were added to the church. A similar refreshing Easter was enjoyed at the College chapel. A number of new students have entered the institution this spring. On Good Friday, the ladies of the congregation presented the pastor with a beautiful private communion service, obtained from the establishment of Edward J. Zahm, of Lancaster.

The services connected with the Easter communion in the church at Greencastle, Pa., Rev. J. H. Sykes, pastor, commenced on the previous Wednesday evening, and continued to the end of Sunday, with the intermission of Saturday evening. The preparatory services were held on Good Friday morning. Six persons were added to the church, five by confirmation and one by certificate. The communion was a large one. There were five catechetical services during the week preceding the communion. The class is kept up throughout the year, from which some are admitted to church membership at almost every communion, which is administered four times during the year. The usual floral decorations were on hand.

## WESTERN CHURCH.

The pastor of the church at Wilton Junction, Iowa, Rev. S. C. Long, reports, that, although no members were added to the church, yet his people were favored with a very pleasant and profitable Easter communion. The services connected therewith commenced on Good Friday morning, and were continued twice a day, until Sunday evening. The prospects for additions at the next communion are encouraging. An increased interest has been awakened, and greater activity is manifested. As the weather was fine, members were present from a distance of seven miles. The pastor has baptized five infants during the short time his pastorate has existed.

The church at West Salem, Ohio, Rev. L. M. Kerschner, pastor, held religious services throughout Passion Week, which were closed with a communion service on Easter Sunday. Four persons were added to the church, one by confirmation, one by certificate, and two by renewal of profession.

In connection with the communion held in the church at Miamisburg, Ohio, Rev. W. McCaughey, pastor, seven persons were added to the church, five by confirmation, one by certificate and one by renewal of profession. A series of services were held throughout the greater part of the previous week. The pastor was assisted by the Rev. J. C. Eastman and Dr. I. H. Reiter.

Fifteen persons were added to the church at Dayton, Ohio, Rev. W. A. Hale, pastor, in connection with the Easter communion, nine by confirmation, two of whom received adult baptism, and six by certificate and renewal of profession.

The Easter communion held in St. Paul's church, Bellevue, Ohio, Rev. N. H. Loose, pastor, was the largest in the history of the congregation. Fifteen persons were added to the church by confirmation, making the additions during the past year thirty-two.

Divine service was held during Passion Week in the church at Forreston, Illinois,

Rev. D. Lantz, pastor. Twelve persons were added to the church in connection with the Easter communion, seven by confirmation and five by certificate. F.

## Church News.

## OUR OWN CHURCH.

## SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

In connection with the Spring communions in the Schaefferstown, Pa., charge, Rev. A. J. Bachman, pastor, eighty-eight persons were added to the Church, eighty-six by confirmation, and two by certificate. Of those confirmed, ten received adult baptism, and twenty-three of the whole number are heads of families. They are distributed amongst the different congregations as follows: Schaefferstown, forty-six; Milbach's, twenty-seven, and Newmantown, fifteen. At each occasion, the houses were filled with large and attentive audiences.

The members of the Church at Lincoln, Pa., recently favored their pastor, the Rev. Stephen Switzer, with a handsome birthday present. It consisted of a study chair, obtained from Buffalo, N. Y., and selected by Elder Jacob Gorgas, a linen blanket and a number of pounds of honey. They proceeded in a body to the parsonage, of which they took unceremonious possession, to the surprise of the pastor. A presentation address was made by M. C. Myers, to which the pastor briefly responded. The whole affair was happily conducted and made the pastor feel that his services are appreciated by his people, to whom he is grateful for their kind interest in his behalf.

The Easter season in the Church at Mercersburg, Pa., Rev. I. G. Brown, pastor, was closed in rather an unusual way. On Easter Monday the heirs of Elder Adam Hoke, deceased, donated to the Church a tract of land on which to erect a parsonage. At the same time an Easter offering was made to the congregation by Mrs. Harriet M. Schnebly, in the shape of three lots adjoining the tract donated by the Hoke heirs, all lying north of East Seminary street, and west of North Seminary avenue. As soon as the congregation can dispose of the property now occupied as a parsonage, they purpose erecting a new parsonage on the lots adjoining the Church, and beautifying the grounds.

Fourteen persons were added to the Elsbach Church, Berks county, Pa., Rev. A. S. Leinbach, pastor, in connection with a communion held on the 6th of April. The communicants numbered three hundred and twenty-eight.

The Rev. W. F. P. Davis preached a sermon in commemoration of the seventh anniversary of his present pastorate in the Hains Church, Berks county, Pa., on the 6th of April. During his pastorate he has preached three hundred and twenty-six sermons, of which two hundred were preached in regular course, and one hundred and twenty-six funeral sermons. He baptized two hundred and forty-three infants, and confirmed eighty-five persons.

## SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

Rev. O. E. Lake, of Walkersville, Frederick county, Md., has resigned the pastorate of the Glade charge, the resignation to take effect on the 1st of May. His pastorate in this charge has extended through four years and a half. During this time, he has preached five hundred and seventeen sermons, baptized one hundred and sixty-six, admitted to church membership, one hundred and twenty-nine, and officiated at eighty-three funerals. As he has no particular field of labor elsewhere in view, he is open to invitations from vacant charges.

## WESTERN CHURCH.

In connection with a communion held in the Church at West Alexandria, Ohio, Rev. H. M. Herman, pastor, on the 6th of April, five persons were added to the Church.

Five persons were added to the Church at Freemont, Ohio, Rev. J. Richards, pastor, in connection with a communion held on the last Sunday in March, by confirmation, three of whom are heads of families. F.

## SEMINARY NOTICE.

The Commencement of the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church, Lancaster, Pa., will be celebrated on Thursday evening, May 8th, in the College chapel. Examinations of the several classes will be held before the Board of Visitors on Wednesday and Thursday. The graduating class numbers seven.

E. V. GERHART,  
Pres. of Faculty.

## Acknowledgments.

## LETTER LIST.

A. H. Hefler, Rev O L, Addams, Rev G E, Andrews, T Mo K (2).  
Bridenbaugh, Prof P H, Baughman, W Boyer, H Brown, J H, Burke, Mrs W, Barnhart, R W, Bensinger, W B, Buckley, H A, Bridenbaugh, Rev S B, Binkley, H K (4), Bartholomew, Rev A R, Bruggen, Miss N I, Best, A J, Brosius, A J, Bauman, Rev J C, Christian World, Coblenz, Dr J (2), Christ, I F, Custer, T B, Clever, Rev G B (2), Dittmar, Rev D N, Detrick, L, Darst, J S, Dengler, Rev J G, Dehoff, J, Dieffenbacher, Rev E H.  
Egbert Fidler & Chambers, Evans, Rev J M, Edmonds, Rev F A, Engle, Rev W G.  
Ferer, Rev B B.  
Groves, T, Gomersy, J, Gring, Rev W A, Geary, Rev A C, Gas, Gerhart, Rev C S, Gerhart, Rev D E V, Heister, Rev J E, Hill, C A, Hottenstein, C, H. H. Hain, J, Hoffmeier, Rev H W (2), Herbst, C H, Hays, S, Hawley, J G, Heysler, J, Haderman, R C, Hartzell, Rev Geo P, Hamm, Jacob.  
Johnston, Rev Dr T S.  
Kepp, J T, Keen, H W, King, Rev H, Klahr, D, Kurzenkabe, J H, Keller, E L, Keller, Rev J A, Kremer, Rev A R, Krob, D, Keim, R, Kline, N S Esq, Krebs, Rev W E, Kiesinger, A H.  
Lohr, S G, Leberman, Rev J J, Lerch, M, Luckett, Mrs E, Lake, Rev O E, Lambert, J D, Lingenfelter, J G.  
McGill-ughlin, Mrs C, Miller & Dreisbach, Mall, Prof G F, Muench, C E, Miller, D, Miller, W D, Musselman, H, Miller, Rev S S, Metz, B O, Moyer, C F, Milley, W G, Miller, Daniel (2), Millst, Rev J K, Mohr, Rev J.  
Novin, M, Noss, Rev J G, Niff, Rev J G.  
Peters, Rev M, Peters, Rev A A, Powers, E, Pool, A B, Princell, Rev J G.  
Reinecke, Rev E W, Rank, E M S, Rote, W H, Roeder, Rev S M, Rossiter, Rev J T, Roler, G S, Sireuse, B, Shannon, E Y, Smith, Rev J A, Smith, J B, Swager, J H, Swander, Rev J I, Stein, Rev J P, Shaw, Rev S, Snyder, Rev W H H, Smith, Mrs L, Settles, M J, Shupell, S S, Strunk, D H, Stein, N S, Smith, W A, Schnell, Horace S, Sump, Levi, Strunk, O H, Sykes, Rev J H, Skyles, Rev N H, Steinman, Thos J.  
Truxal, Rev A E.  
Welker, Rev H J, Weaver, H, White, R, Warrenfeltz, D E, Weaver, J H, Wolbach, J (2).  
Yenrick, Rev W R.  
Zerling, Rev J D (3), Ziegler, Rev A Z.



## Youth's Department.

## LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,  
Up through the long shady lane,  
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,  
That are yellow with ripening grain,  
They find in the thick waving grasses  
Where the thick-lipped strawberry grows;  
They gather the earliest snowdrops  
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;  
They gather the elder-bloom white,  
They find where the dusky grapes purple,  
In the soft tinted October light.  
They know where the apples hang ripest,  
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;  
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest  
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,  
And build tiny castles of sand;  
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—  
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.  
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,  
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;  
And at night time are folded in slumber  
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;  
The humble and poor become great;  
And so from the brown-handed children  
Shall grow mighty rulers of State.  
The pen of the author and statesman—  
The noble and wise of the land—  
The sword, and the chisel, and palette  
Shall be held in the little brown hand,

## FOR THE GIRLS.

BY JENNIE HARRISON.

"I wish you would write a story for my girls!"

That is what a Sunday School teacher said to me the other day. The girls have a little sewing meeting every Saturday afternoon, and their teacher reads to them. When she said this to me I began to think about the girls—a very bright, pleasant little group—who might grow, if they would, into wise and noble women.

I remember that one of them said, one day when we were speaking of authors and artists: "Well, I can't do anything! I can't write, and I can't draw, and I can't play!"

And I thought to myself: "Why, you can be a true girl, and grow up to be a true woman; and that is every thing!"

All girls can do that. People accuse me of being fond of the boys, and of writing a great deal for them; but I believe there is nothing in the world that touches me more deeply than the thought of a girl growing out of childhood, and going towards that strange and beautiful state of womanhood. Why, I think that all the good in this world is done through wise and noble women! I think that God has put them here, and given them the power, to keep His world pure and glad and good! Could anything be greater than that? Now for the story.

Once upon a time, a girl whose name was Mary (just a girl, like yourself, with a very ordinary name) opened her eyes, on a fair, sunshiny morning, and said: "Oh, beautiful old world! I am sixteen to-day—sweet sixteen,—and what have you hidden away for me? Something very grand and splendid, I hope!"

She ran and looked out of the window. The world seemed to be smiling back at her; but it did not make any answer. Some one else did, coming in the door behind her.

"A happy birth-day, Mary!"

"Thank you, Aunt. Oh, isn't it splendid to be sixteen? I wonder what kind of a life I am going to have, anyhow? I would like to be something great—not just a plain, ordinary woman, you know!"

"You can be anything you choose," answered Aunt, smiling into her eager face.

"Why, no! Suppose I should choose to be a queen, or a great artist, or a singer?"

"What would you like to be?"

"Oh, I can't decide! Sometimes I think I would just like to have plenty of money, and wear beautiful silk dresses, and be admired by everybody. And sometimes I think I would like to be a very wise woman and know all about a certain study—astronomy or poetry—and write books!"

"If you will come to the library with me after breakfast, I will show you some of the great women of the world; and you can see which you like best."

Mary agreed to this, and hurried to the library as soon as she had finished her breakfast.

Perhaps you will wonder how these "great women" could be found in the library. Oh, they were shut up in some of the books there: and anybody could go and see them, if they pleased.

"Now, you might want to be a queen," said Aunt; "so I will show you one."

Mary looked; and behold! a beautiful woman, in a far more elegant dress than Mary had ever dreamed of, and jewels upon her neck and hands. She was very stately; but her beautiful head was bowed down and her face was very sad. Her hands were clasped, and she seemed to be asking for something—pleading for it. "Why!" thought Mary, "surely a queen can have all she wants!" But no—it was about her little child she is thinking; and praying that those who have been cruel to her, and made her life unhappy, will be more kind to her daughter. They have turned her out of her home, and, although she may wear her beautiful dresses, yet, how can her heart be glad?

"Oh, dear!" said Mary, "I wouldn't want to be a queen, after all! Show me some one else, Aunt."

Then Mary saw a wonderful woman who had studied astronomy all her life, and had even discovered comets, and told the world strange things about the heavenly bodies. By day and by night she gazed on the heavens; and "one would think," said Mary, "that she might be a sun herself, full of warmth and light!" People admired her, and wondered at her; but somehow she did not seem very happy. It was a kind of grand life, up out of the way of people.

"Dear me!" said Mary, "I think I would rather be down among folks!"

Next she saw a great singer. How fine it was to have a voice like that, and to have crowds of people come to listen to it! The lady was in her evening dress, and she was hurrying away to the concert-room. Two or three little children were going up stairs, with sleepy eyes, and nurse was scolding. "Don't be naughty, children! Good night," called the singer, with her sweet voice. And then she went out and stepped into her carriage.

"Oh, she might have just kissed them!" exclaimed Mary: "poor little things! But I suppose she hadn't time. Is there any one else, Aunt?"

Her Aunt smiled, and said: "Yes; here is a great lady writer."

She sat all alone, and was very busy. Her face was full of thought, and she looked a little, Mary imagined, as if her head ached. When the servant came to tell about some poor people, she had not time to attend to them, and it seemed to vex her. And at night, when her day's writing was finished, she looked so tired; and the room was so quiet!

"Why doesn't she call in the children, and make a nice cup of tea?" said Mary to herself. "Why, Aunt, I don't see much good in it, after all!"

"We must do our best in whatever we have to do. But you see greatness is not happiness. By-and-by I am going to show you some one who is all three things at once; and you can see how you like that."

"Why, Aunt!"—and Mary looked as if she thought there could not be such a person. She went down stairs to see how the preparations for her birth-day party were coming on. Mother was in the kitchen, making the cake, and Bobby and Sam and little Ellie were all there, with faces full of delight. It was a holiday.

"Is the birth-day lesson done?" asked mother, looking at her daughter, with a face full of love and brightness.

"The cocoonut-drops are all made, Mary, and they are splendid! Mamma gave us each one. Here, taste 'em!" Sam pointed gaily at the dish.

"I do hope the girls will all come," said Mary. "It has clouded over some."

"Has it?" cried Bobby. "Why, I never knew it! You see, mother is such regular sunshine herself, when we are with her, we forget to look out of the window."

Mary looked up at her aunt, who came in the door just then; and they smiled at Bobby's remark. "That is the best kind

of astronomy!" said Mary, in her own mind: "to know how to make sunshine for others."

When the evening came there were a great many little pleasant surprises for Mary. First there was a little play, which mother had prepared to entertain the company, and in which the children acted, and mamma sang. The girls were delighted, and one of them said it was the best birth-day party they ever attended. Among Mary's presents was a beautiful piece of fancy work, done by her mother, which all the girls admired and wondered at.

"I don't see how you could find time, mother!" said Mary.

"Oh, mother finds time for everything!" said Bob.

And when supper time came, and they were all at the table, one of the girls said to Mary: "I do think your mother is the loveliest woman!—she makes all of us so happy; and she reminds me of a queen, going about among us."

Mary looked down to where her mother sat. She had not on a "beautiful silk dress," nor any jewels. She wore a soft gray merino, and had only a bit of red geranium, which Bob had put in her hair. But her smile was so pleasant, as she looked down the rows of boys and girls at the table. "She is a queen!" thought Mary; "and how much her subjects all love her!"

"She wrote that play, too; wasn't it pretty?" said another girl. "And how sweetly she sang that little song! Oh, dear! I would like to be just such a woman when I grow up!"

Something flashed across Mary's mind; she could hardly wait to tell it; and when the last visitor had gone, she ran to find Auntie. There was mother, too, and she said: "Mary, dear, wouldn't you like to send some of the good things to the poor little Robinsons and the Browns?"

"Yes, mother, I would. And you are the best woman in the world! and you are the greatest woman! and you are the queen! And, oh, Auntie, I have found it out!"

"Have you?" cried papa; "well, it has taken you a good while. I found it out years ago!"

"I would rather be like mother than to be anything else!"

"Yes," said Aunt, "there is nothing half so great or so beautiful in the world as the woman who is queen in a happy home, and who makes poems and songs and pictures every day of her life, by doing her daily duties cheerfully and well. You may begin right away. It is every girl's privilege to be such a woman; and no one can go higher than that."

Then Bobby brought a wreath of smilax and put it on mother's head; and father brought another and twined it among Mary's curls. And they said: "Long live our queen mother!" and "Long live the girl who is going to be a true woman!"—N. Y. Observer.

## COURTESY.

Little girls, do you ever think about the meaning of words? This word now, *courtesy*, has something about it, which girls and women ought to care for very much indeed. You know that hundreds of years ago, in Europe and in many heathen countries now, women are not much better than slaves. In China, for instance, when company comes to a house, the parents present the boys very proudly, but they send the girls out of sight as fast as possible. They don't want anybody to know they have a little daughter in their home.

Gradually, in the middle ages, woman came up from a state of barbarism, and the clergy and poets together helped her to win her proper place. The lady of the castle kept the keys, and presided at the feasts, wore beautiful robes of stuffs called samite and camelot, and gave medicine to the sick. She learned surgery, too, and when the soldiers and knights came home from battle, wounded and faint, she knew how to set the broken bones and bind up the bruised parts. So everybody treated her politely, and the sort of manners which then came to be popular, in place of the old roughness and rudeness, took the general name of *courtesy*.

The Bible bids us to be *courteous*. Do you want to know the highest and loveliest style of courtesy, which you can practice at home, at school, and in the street? It is all wrapped up in one golden phrase, "In honor preferring one another." Suppose you try to live with those words for your motto, say for a whole week to come.

## THE BLIND BOY.

It was a blessed summer day,  
The flowers bloomed—the air was mild  
The little birds poured forth their lay,  
And everything in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on,  
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade  
'Till suddenly I came upon  
Two children who had thither strayed.

Just at an aged birch-tree's foot  
A little boy and girl reclined,  
His hand in hers she kindly put,  
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near,  
A tree concealed me from their view,  
But all they said I well could hear,  
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,  
"That little bird sings very long;  
Say, do you see him in his joy,  
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,  
"I see the bird on yonder tree."  
The poor boy sighed, and gently said,  
"Sister, I wish that I could see!"

"The flowers, you say, are very fair  
And bright green leaves are on the trees,  
And pretty birds are singing there—  
How beautiful for one who sees!"

"Yet I the fragrant flower can smell,  
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,  
And I can hear the notes that swell  
From those dear birds that God has made."

"So, sister, God to me is kind,  
Though sight, alas! He has not given;  
But tell me, are there any blind  
Among the children up in heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, there all see—  
But why ask me a thing so odd?"  
"Oh, Mary, He's so good to me,  
I thought I'd like to look at God!"

Ere long, disease his hand had laid  
On that dear boy, so meek and mild;  
His widowed mother wept and prayed,  
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,  
And said, "O, never weep for me,  
I'm going to a bright—bright place,  
Where Mary says I God shall see."

"And you'll be there, dear Mary, too;  
But, mother, when you get up there,  
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—  
You know I never saw you here!"

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled  
Until the final blow was given—  
When God took up the poor blind child,  
And opened first his eyes in heaven!

## SWALLOWS.

At Rosenberg, in the neighborhood of Oratz, a pair of swallows had built their nest in the floor of a peasant's house. When the door was closed the only entrance to the room was through the window. One evening, at harvest time, all the inhabitants of the house went to the meadows, almost two miles away. The wife forgot to leave the window open, and scarcely was the harvesting under way when a pair of swallows flew around her, with loud twittering, hitting her on the head and shoulders with their wings. At last it occurred to the woman that these were certainly her swallows, and that the entrance to their nest had been closed. In spite of the distance and pressing work, she went back to see, and on opening the window, had her supposition confirmed.

The great God cares for swallows and sparrows, and feeds and watches them, and those who imitate Him in His tenderness towards the little birds can take comfort in the thought that the humblest child of God is of more value than many sparrows, and that their heavenly Father will also care for all His trusting little ones.—Little Gleaner.

## BILLY BOOSEY'S DONKEY.

Billy Boosey was a quaint old man, who lived at the corner of the common, years ago, when I was a lad; and while he was ready to turn his hands to all kinds of work, he mainly depended for his livelihood upon the produce of a small garden and the money he would earn by means of a donkey and a cart. Billy treated his donkey as kindly as it was possible; and although he could afford neither to buy corn for it, nor keep it in a grand stable, the animal was always in a good condition; he would draw a heavy load behind him, or carry

one on his back at a capital speed. We juveniles paid many a penny for a ride on Billy Boosey's donkey.

One day Neddy's unwillingness to "go" amounted fairly to obstinacy; and when Johnny White had paid his penny and mounted in gleeful anticipation, not a step would Neddy budge.

"Make him go, Billy," was the cry.

Thus urged, Billy shouted, whistled and flourished his arms and clapped his hands, but all in vain; only when the stick was applied pretty vigorously did Neddy condescend to start. And when he *did go*, he *did go*—as people say—at full speed across the commons, boys, Billy and all shouting at his heels. It was rare fun.

Presently Johnny White began to feel uncomfortable. Neddy was going at full speed toward the big pond, and not the slightest use was it for Johnny to pull with all his might at the reins. The cry now was, "Stop him, Billy! Make him stop!"

To this Billy could only reply, as he came panting along far in the rear, "Pull, Johnny!—pull!"

The catastrophe came at last. Rushing full tilt to the edge of the pond, Neddy there came suddenly to a stand still, and over went Johnny, splash into the water. A pretty picture he looked, I can tell you, when we pulled him out!

Just as we had done so, Billy Boosey came panting up, and was assailed on all sides with, "Why didn't you stop him?"

"Boys," said Billy as soon as he could recover breath sufficiently to speak—"Boys, I could make him go, but I could not make him stop. And do you mind, youngsters, as you go through life, do not get into bad habits, for it'll be easier to start than to stop. Specially take care what sort o' company you keep. Fight shy o' them lads that swear and smoke and tell lies and drink. If you get started there, you'll maybe find yourselves shot into a deeper pond than that you've fished Johnny White out of."

They were simple words; but the old man's advice was good, and many of us, I doubt not, remembered it long after.

We took Johnny home, and he was put to bed; but he had a terrible bad cold after his famous ride and bath. He is dead now, poor fellow! As he grew up he took no heed to Billy's counsel, but seemed never so happy as when he could get with those who delighted to do just what the old man so earnestly cautioned us against. He got into disgrace early, and more than once before he was twenty, was Johnny taken off to the county jail. When he found his character was altogether gone, and he could get no work, he tried his hand at being a soldier. He was not in the army long. Drink was his besetment, and at last was his death. He died in the hospital from injuries received in a drunken quarrel.

It is many long years since we used to play together on that common; but I often have those days brought to mind, for I never see a youth neglecting his Sunday school, or spending his time at street-corners and associating with evil companions, without thinking of the old man's words about it being easier to start than to stop. Some lads I have seen who have stood the temptation a long time, and then given way at last. Some of these have become the worst when they have at length broken away from the restraints of home and friends; and sometimes, as I notice how such a one goes from bad to worse, I think to myself, "Poor fellow! I am afraid he has started off on Billy Boosey's donkey."—Christian Weekly

## Pleasantries.

The uncle of a Welsh minister being sorely offended, declared that he should never forgive the offender. The minister asked him if he knew what the Bible said. "No," said he; "what does it say?" "Anger resteth in the bosom of fools." "Well, Thomas," said he, "go instantly and tell the man that I forgive him all. I will not be a fool to please him or any body else."



Sunday-School Department.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

MAY 4. LESSON 18. 1879.

Third Sunday after Easter. John xxi. 1-14.

THE RISEN CHRIST BY THE SEA-SIDE.

1. After these things Jesus showed himself again to his disciples at the sea of Tiberias, and on this wise showed he himself.

2. There were together Simon Peter, and Thomas called Didymus, and Nathaniel of Cana in Galilee, and the sons of Zebedee, and two others of his disciples.

3. Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing. They say unto him, We also go with thee. They went forth, and entered into a ship immediately, and that night they caught nothing.

4. But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore; but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus.

5. Then Jesus saith unto them, Children, have ye any meat? They answered him, No.

6. And he said unto them, Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes.

7. Therefore that disciple whom Jesus loved saith unto Peter, It is the Lord. Now when Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord, he girt his fisher's coat unto him, (for he was naked), and did cast himself into the sea.

8. And the other disciples came in little ships (for they were not far from land, but as it were two hundred cubits), dragging the net with fishes.

9. As soon as they were come to land, they saw a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon, and bread.

10. And Jesus saith unto them, Bring of the fish which ye have caught.

11. Simon Peter went up, and drew the net to land full of great fishes, a hundred and fifty and three: and for all there were so many, yet was not the net broken.

12. Jesus saith unto them, Come and dine. And none of the disciples durst ask him, Who art thou? knowing that it was the Lord.

13. Jesus then cometh, and taketh bread, and giveth them, and fish likewise.

14. This is now the third time that Jesus showed himself to his disciples, after that he was risen from the dead.

COMMENTS.

After Jesus had manifested Himself to the holy women at the tomb, to the two disciples on their way to Emmaus, to Peter, to the Ten and Eleven at Jerusalem, He bade them go into Galilee, where He promised to meet them, (Matth. xxviii. 7; Mark xvi. 7.) This promise He fulfilled, in part, in the way now to be related. St. Matthew (xxviii. 16) merely mentions the fact; and as the other evangelists pass it over entirely, St. John gives the circumstance with its details.

VERSE 1. *After these things.* We take this to imply after the Apostles had all been convinced of His resurrection by the various apparitions. *Sea of Tiberias—Galilee—Genneseret.* The sea or lake bore these three names. *Tiberias*—from the celebrated city on its border (John vi. 1.) There were no less than nine cities on its shores. *Galilee*—from the province which bordered on its western side, (Matthew iv. 18; Mark vii. 31.) *Genneseret*—from the beautiful and fertile plain on its northwestern angle, (Matth. xiv. 34.) It is thirteen miles long and six wide. The river Jordan enters it at its northern, and passes out at its southern end. Jesus passed the greater part of the first year of His public life on its borders. He took advantage of His apostles' skill and familiarity with its coast, to move from place to place. *Showed Himself again.* Not so much to convince His apostles now, as to teach them His presence with His people everywhere and at all times. Before, He manifested Himself to two or three, to the disciples enclosed in walls; now, at large, on the open sea.

V. 2. There were seven disciples following their trade. Five are named or indicated. *Nathanael* is also called Bartholomew. *The sons of Zebedee*—James and John. *The two other of His disciples* were, perhaps, Andrew and Philip.

V. 3. *I go a fishing.* Before our Lord's crucifixion, their wants were supplied by charitable friends, (Luke viii. 3) Now, however, they were obliged to provide for themselves. As they were fishermen, they fell to it again. Peter always acted promptly, and accordingly, turned to his former calling, to await what might come to pass. The rest followed him as their leader. *That night they caught nothing.* Although the night was the best time to fish, they labored in vain. This was a good opportunity, then, to show them the power of His benediction.

V. 4. *When the morning was now come.* This was about twilight or dawn. Jesus stood on the beach, unrecognized by them.

V. 5. *Children.* Some make this term to signify "my young men." It sounds like a style of address which a citizen would adopt towards them, who had come to purchase fish. *Meat.* This stands for fish. We might then read: "My good young fishermen, have you any fish?" Their answer, *No*, corresponds to this view.

V. 6. *Cast the net on the right side—they cast therefore—multitude of fishes.* They evidently supposed Him to be a knowing man, familiar with the lake and its lucky places, and obeyed at once. And, though toiling all night for nought, and having lifted their nets already, they harvested to the full. Undoubtedly this miraculous draught of fishes was to serve as an emblem of the harvest of souls, which was to be reaped through their ministry. (Matth. iv. 19.)

V. 8. *That disciple whom Jesus loved.* This was John, who was so called because of his intimacy with the Lord. He with the eagle-eye of his spirit recognized Him first; but Peter is foremost in action here again. *Fisher's coat.* This was his outer garment or overcoat. *Naked.* He had but a vest or close-fitting garment on while at work. He girded himself to appear before the Lord. *Cast himself into the sea.* He swam or waded.

V. 8. *Two hundred cubits.* This may have been one hundred yards. *A little ship.* As it was shallow, a smaller boat was taken to convey the disciples to the shore; they holding one end of the net.

V. 9. *A fire of coals.* This seems like a new miracle. As Christ drew the fishes into the net by His sovereign power, so could He prepare a meal after some wonderful manner. But it is supposed by some, too, that the meal had been prepared by some friends, either for the disciples, or for themselves. We know not which may have been the fact; but as to its meaning there can be no question. It was a picture of the grand festival in God's kingdom, on the morning of the resurrection.

V. 10. *Bring of the fish.* The Lord and His servants will enjoy the festivity together there, as they did share the meal here.

V. 11. Peter now assists in securing the net on shore. *An hundred and fifty and three.* These three numbers were of themselves symbolic of fullness. *One hundred—10x10; Fifty—10x5; Three—Trinity.* Without searching for the special significance of each term, of the total, it is enough for us to know, that the definite number of the saved is indicated thereby. *Yet the net was not broken.* The kingdom of our Lord in the harbor will be one—one fold and one shepherd.

Vs. 12-14. *Come and dine.* Though this was in the morning hour, we may understand it to be the symbol of the enjoyment of the kingdom of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. *None durst ask Him.* No one had doubts as to who He was. He was clothed in awe and majesty, yet their spirits discerned the Lord. It was in the subsequent eating that they knew Him clearly. *The third time.* It was the third public manifestation, and the seventh in all, likely.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS.—The sea of Galilee is a picture of the world. The ship is the ark of souls—Christ's kingdom. The disciples represent the missionary agency of the Gospel. The fruitless night is a commentary on the words of Christ—"Without me ye can do nothing." (John xv. 5.) The multitude of fishes tells of the harvest of souls at the end of the world, under Christ's presence and benediction. The feast is a type of salvation. Here we see, as in a photograph, the beginning and the end of the Christian Church—the mission of the Gospel in a nutshell.

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Arr. Carlisle.....	9:00	2:35	6:15	10:10
Chambersburg.....	10:30	4:00	6:45	P. M.
" Hagerstown.....	11:30	5:00		
" Martinsburg.....	12:50	6:20		
DOWN TRAINS.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve. Martinsburg....		7:00		9:00
" Hagerstown.....		8:25		10:10
" Chambersburg.....		9:30	1:00	4:33
" Carlisle.....		6:00	10:55	6:00
Arr. Harrisburg.....		7:00	12:55	3:20

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General News.

HOME.

Congress is still in session, squabbling and filibustering for partisan triumphs. The emigration of colored people from the South, to the West and Northwest, is attracting much attention. Some say their bad treatment is the cause of the exodus; others assert that the negroes have been induced to leave their homes by false promises of bettering their condition. Whatever be the truth of these statements, it is apparent that the emigrants are in a condition of homelessness and want.

FOREIGN.

RUSSIA.—A desperate but unsuccessful attempt was made to assassinate the Czar of Russia on the 14th of April, by a man who gave his name as Solof. The Czar was taking his usual early morning walk near the Imperial Palace, when the assailant approached and fired four shots at him. Despatches have been sent to St. Petersburg, by all the governments, our own among the rest, congratulating the Emperor upon his escape. Solof was arrested. He professes no personal ill-will to the Czar, but seems to have acted as the organ of the Nihilists. The Russian Capital is decorated, and the people are full of demonstrations of thankfulness for the preservation of their ruler.

London, April 18.—The Journal de St. Petersburg announces the appointment of Aleko Pasha to be Governor of Roumelia for five years with the approval of the treaty powers. The International Commission is to participate in the administration, and its functions are prolonged one year. It is hoped that the serious difficulties apprehended on the departure of the Russian troops a fortnight hence will be thus avoided.

The Bulgarian Assembly will meet on the 27th of this month for the election of a Prince. Athens, April 18.—The Turks are fortifying the coast of Epirus, particularly in the neighborhood of Prevesa, and Turkish war vessels are cruising off the coast. These precautions are ostensibly to prevent Greek incursions, but they are believed to be really in consequence of apprehensions of the leading of a band of Italians and Albanians in Epirus, with the object of securing Albanian autonomy.

Another town inundated in Hungary.—Pesth, April 18.—The rivers Maras and Karas have again broken their dams in several places. The village of Zerend has been destroyed, and the town of Arad is endangered, the water having reached the cellars of the houses.

THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, April 19th, 1879.	
[The prices here given are wholesale.]	
FLOUR, Wheat, Superfine.....	\$2.50 @ 2.75
“ Extra Family.....	2.25 @ 2.75
“ Fancy.....	4.75 @ 7.00
Rye.....	2.75 @ 2.87
Corn meal.....	2.50 @ 2.75
Buckwheat meal.....	1.10 @ 1.30
GRAIN, Wheat, White.....	1.14 @ 1.15
“ Red.....	1.12 @ 1.14
Rye.....	57 @ 58
Corn, Yellow.....	43 @ 44
“ White.....	42 @ 43
Oats.....	32 @ 34
Barley two rowed.....	60 @ 65
GREENRIES, Sugar, Cuba.....	6 @ 6
“ Refined oil leaf.....	8 @ 9
“ Crushed.....	8 @ 9
“ Powdered.....	8 @ 9
“ Granulated.....	8 @ 9
“ Java.....	8 @ 9
Coffee, Rio.....gold.....	10 @ 15
“ Maracaibo.....gold.....	13 @ 20
“ Laguayra.....gold.....	14 @ 15
“ Java.....gold.....	23 @ 24
PROVISIONS, Mess Pork.....	10 37 @ 10 50
Dried Beef.....	12 1/2 @ 13
Sugar cured Ham.....	9 @ 10
Lard.....	6 1/2 @ 6
Butter, Roll extra.....	11 @ 13
Butter, Roll Common.....	8 @ 10
“ Prints, extra.....	25 @ 28
“ Common.....	18 @ 22
“ Grease.....	8 @ 6
Eggs.....	12 @ 12 1/2
SEEDS, Clover.....	5 50 @ 6 00
Timothy.....	1 30 @ 1 40
Flax.....	1 42 @ 1 45
PLASTER, White.....	3 00 @ 3 25
Blue.....	2 50 @ 3 00

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THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORLD for May contains an article on Isaiah, by Prof. James T. Hyde. A Lesson from the Phonograph, by Rev. Edward A. Rand; After the Festival, by Charles F. Deema, D.D.; The Summer Assemblies, by the Editor; The Teachers' Preparation, by Rev. G. S. Plumley; a list of the International Lessons for 1880, with the Golden Texts; interesting sketches of frontier work, Sunday School News, and editorial items.

Studying with Oriental Eyes” and “Blessedness of Old Testament Study” are the topics presented in Our Correspondent's Table. THE INTERNATIONAL LESSON DEPARTMENT furnishes Explanations, by the Rev. John Hall, D.D. New York; Light on the Lesson from Bible Lands, by Prof. George E. Post, M.D., Syria; Lesson Talks for Infant-Class Teachers, by Mrs. Alice W. Knox; and the editor, Rev. Edwin W. Rice, shows how to teach the lessons. By mail, 5 cts.; 60 cts. a year; in clubs, 55 cts. Address THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, 1122 Chestnut St., Philadelphia; 10 Bible House, New York; 73 Randolph St., Chicago.

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